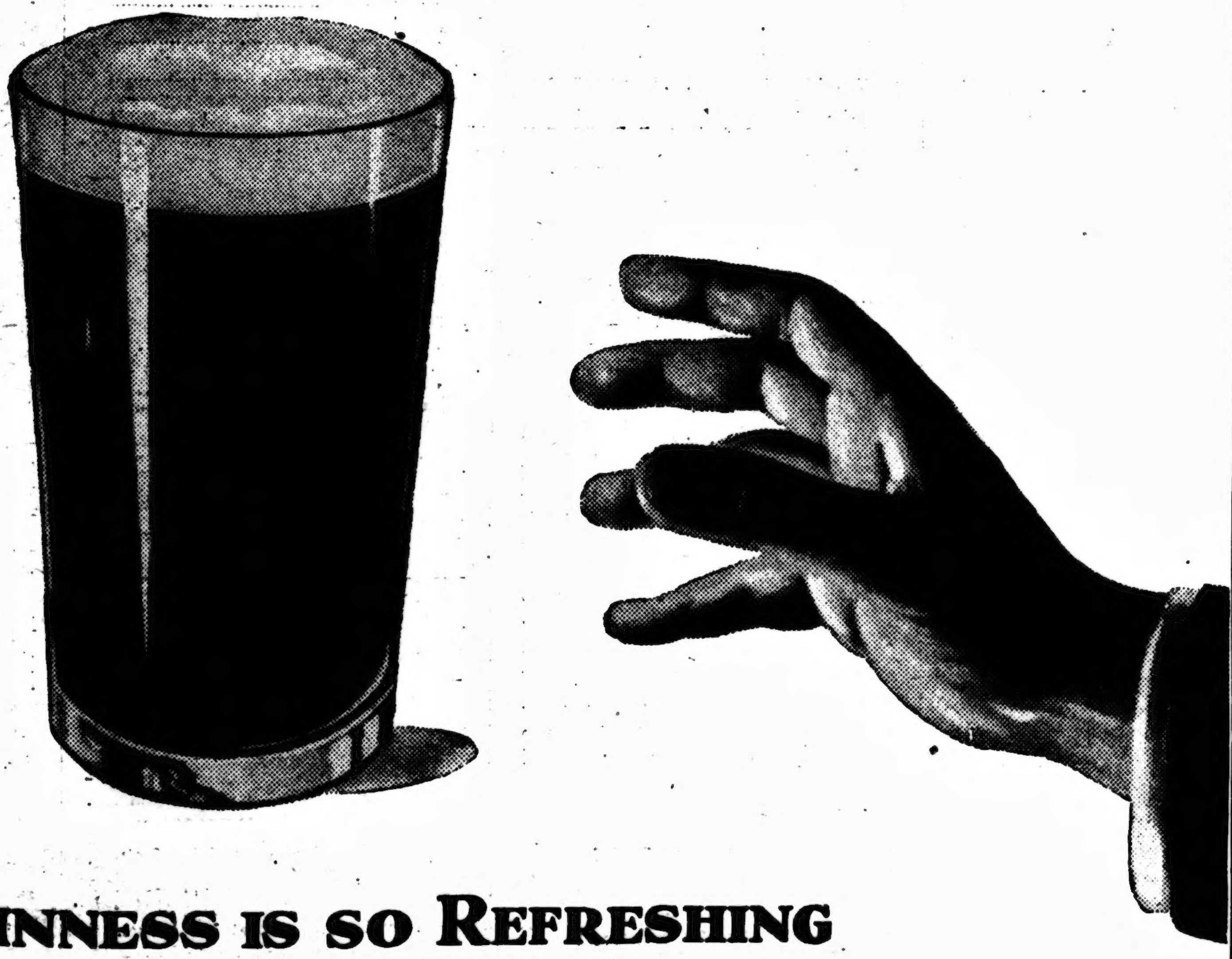
JOHN BULL, JULY 19, 1930
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

No. 1257.
Vol. XLVIII.

I'm simply longing for a GUINNESS



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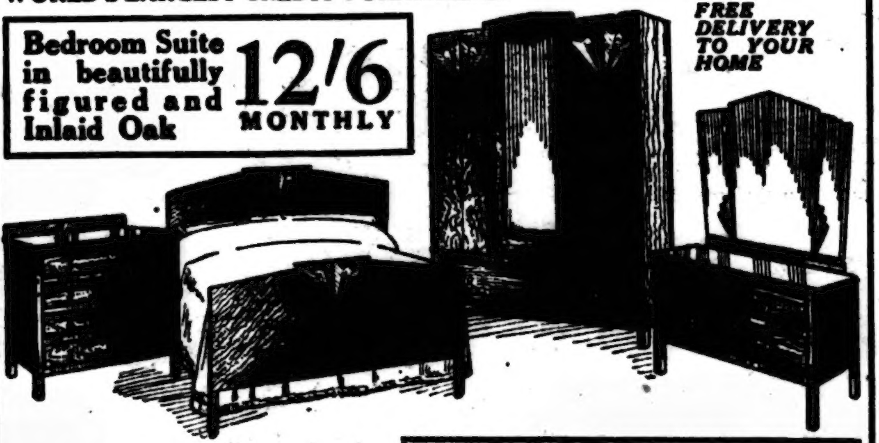

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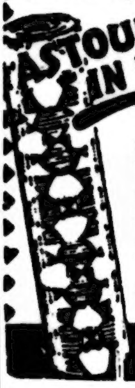

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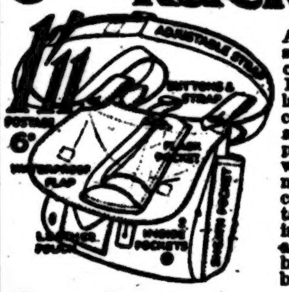

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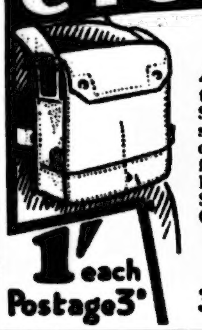

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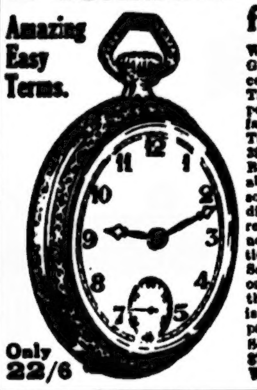

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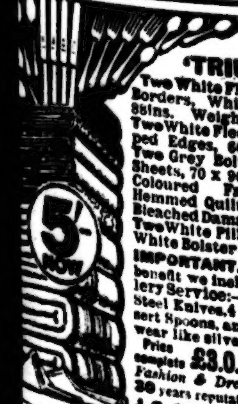

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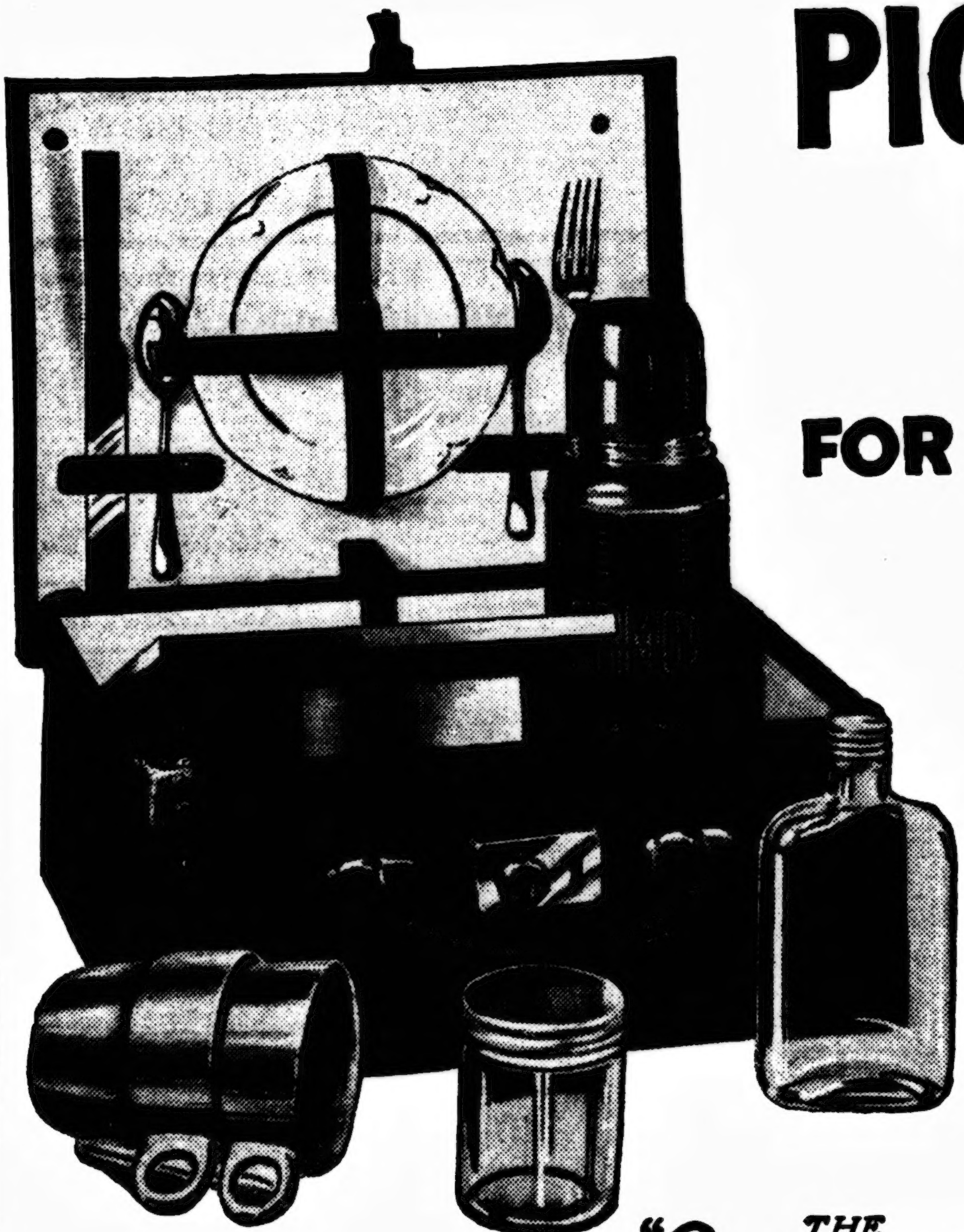

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for Week ending Saturday, July 19, 1930. Twopence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Not Dropping the Pilot!

Return of the Death Ships

Bad Books in Whitehall

THE Parliamentary ferment has produced a new crop of rumours regarding the possibility of a General Election at any moment during the year.

One suggestion is that the Prime nister, wearied and distracted by reasing difficulties, particularly thin his own Party, is ready to throw the sponge.

There is no foundation for such talk. we announced a month ago, there l be a truce on India until the end the Indian Conference, which rules any likelihood of an election before l.

lloping on

The Cabinet has already decided on of the main Bills to be introduced t session, and which will figure in King's Speech. They are:

rades Disputes Bill,
Consumers Council Bill,
ducation (School-Leaving Age) Bill,
nemployment Insurance (Agricultural Workers) Bill,
actory Bill.

n addition, there will probably be other emergency Bill to deal with mployment.

Now, where could we have heard of se before?

ffin ships again

There has been a recurrence of the tardly practice of scuttling ships their insurance money.

o far, however, the evil has been fined to foreign vessels run by btful companies, but British insure interests have been seriously cted.

Now they are refusing to cover the ps of certain countries abroad at price, and although this is tough k on honest firms, it is the only way end the rascally business.

royal mishap

ehind the brilliant speech of the nce of Wales at the dinner of the ifer Golfing Society was an amusing little comedy-drama.

ust prior to rising to address the mbers his Royal Highness discovered his chagrin that he had left his notes ind him.

is personal attendant, Inspector t, dashed back to York House to ieve them, and returned with the sing package in the nick of time.

o much of it

rganised retailers throughout the ntry are increasingly alarmed at growth of club or guild trading, pertinent questions are to be asked the House.

iscounts to school teachers, Civil vants, bank clerks and others in tered positions are being given on ale involving the readjustment of es and profits to the detriment the ordinary shopper.

ven those who benefit are disquieted. have seen documents appealing secrecy regarding the names of desmen granting discounts.

Several branches of the National Union of Teachers have repudiated the system, which has never been in such peril.

Not wanted

It becomes daily more evident that Lord Beaverbrook has no chance whatever of usurping the leadership of the Conservative Party. The result of the North Norfolk election was a shattering blow to his ambitions.

Certainly the Labour majority was reduced, but by-elections almost invariably go against the Party in power, and it is by no means certain that the Unionist candidate, Mr. Cook, would not have done better if his lordship had stayed at home.

The fact is that Lord Beaverbrook's personality does not go down with the plain man. He is brilliant, and able, but the solid weight that one wants in a leader is not there.

Bevin means business

Mr. Ernest Bevin, general secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, has a little bombshell of his own ready to burst at this year's Trades Union Congress.

He is putting forward three big proposals to alleviate the workers' hardships during the ruthless "surgical operations" being performed on industry.

He suggests a reduction of hours to restrict dismissals; compensation for workers who become redundant; pensions at sixty-five on a scale generous enough to permit older workers to retire decently and admit the younger.

"He has a little bombshell"

Too blue books

A craze for banned books has invaded Whitehall, and one or two minor officials there are making handsome profits by importing works by D. H. Lawrence, Miss Radclyffe Hall, and the like, and selling them to their colleagues.

Petty crime of this kind is unworthy of the great traditions of our Civil Service.

Sweeps legalised

The Irish Free State has declared that sweepstakes are legal, and a syndicate has been formed to organise them on all important races.

A proportion of the prize-money is to be allocated to the hospitals, and the sweepstakes are to be called the "Free State Hospitals Subscription Fund."

This is a step which would be welcomed by a large public in this country.

Coal price war

We have exclusive information pointing to a new price-cutting struggle in the coal-market in the late autumn.

In South Wales price reductions have been limited by the agreed minimum rates, but on the north-east coast and in Scotland, where exporters have greater control over prices, some important classes of coal have dropped as much as 3s. 6d. a ton.

Foreign competitors are uneasy. Already there is talk of lower wages in the German coalfields when existing agreements expire.

While the struggle may ultimately advance the prospect of an international agreement, the initial effects will be unpleasant to miners, both at home and abroad.

Wrong number, Miss

A London evening newspaper related an exclusive story the other day of how three crooks, in the best style of the Chicago bandit, waylaid a sixty-three-year-old postman in Holborn and snatched a mailbag containing registered letters.

So exclusive was the story that even the number of the bandits' car was given—UU2771.

How many people chased UU2771 we cannot say, but we are sorry for those who did.

For UU2771 is the number of a motor-ambulance belonging to the Islington Board of Guardians.

High school sensation

Last Tuesday week, as we predicted, the hearing was begun at Bromley Police Court of ten summonses against Mrs. Hilda C. Fearn, of Merevale High School, Bickley, Kent, for alleged neglect towards some of the children entrusted to her care.

John Bull, unlike most of its contemporaries, is not a reporting, but a *commenting*, newspaper, and we are therefore unable to deal further with the matter until after the case has been finally disposed of.

Burden on us

Continental reprisals against the new American tariff are likely to hit British trade even harder than the tariff itself.

In order to keep out American motor-cars, Italy has put a huge duty, calculated on net weight, on cars of all kinds.

As "tin lizzies" are far lighter affairs than British cars, this duty—which works out in some cases at over 300 per cent.—will be a severe blow to us.

He was excluded

The Jellicoe mystery

The mystery of Lord Jellicoe and the London Naval Conference has still to be unravelled.

The veteran war admiral—a bitter critic of the Treaty—declares that he was excluded from acting as New Zealand's expert adviser after an interview with Lord Passfield, at which it was suggested that the proposed arrangement was undesirable.

Somebody seems to have forgotten that Lord Jellicoe was once the popular Governor-General of New Zealand.

Enquiries have been made in the House, but the Prime Minister's replies do not appear to square with Lord Jellicoe's version of the incident. Why are the full facts withheld?

One farthing damages

Possibly our readers will remember an article a year ago dealing with Mr. Rosenschein, alias Henry Rose, of 39, Belmont Hill, Lewisham, and his impudent case before Mr. Justice Avory.

This gentleman resented our comments, and last week an action for libel was heard before Mr. Justice Horridge, who, in summing up before a jury, stated: "You may think that the paper has done a public service in exposing this man, and if they are wrong and call a man a blackmailer and forger they must pay for it."

• • •

The jury awarded Rose one farthing damages, and his lordship deprived him of his costs against us.

We are pleased to have rendered this public service.

Another police farce

Considerable discussion is taking place in Scotland Yard circles concerning ridiculous changes that have been made in the C.I.D. of certain divisions.

For example, a sergeant who has been stationed at Vine Street for years, and has an unrivalled knowledge of West End crooks and methods, has been posted to Barnes.

His knowledge will be wasted at the riverside.

• • •

At the same time, a sergeant who has hitherto been at Bellingham, and is strange to the West End, has been drafted to Bow Street.

It all seems very silly—as many C.I.D. men themselves admit.

"If You See It—" continued

Cold comfort

Miss Bondfield has done wonders in protecting the unemployed from being unjustly deprived of benefit, but mean attempts to exploit them still come to light.

A case in point is that of Mr. T. A. Robins, of 6, Althorpe Street, Northampton, whose unemployment pay was disallowed on the ground that he had unreasonably refused an offer of a job.

The offer, it transpired, was from an ice-cream company, which wanted him to work thirteen hours a day, including Sundays, for a guinea a week.

We are glad that Mr. Robins' intelligence and self-respect were not sufficiently frozen to induce him to accept so outrageous a proposal.

Mills of the money-gods

The report of the Royal Commission which has been investigating labour conditions in India can be expected shortly.

"Still deep in its problems"

Mr. J. H. Whitley, the ex-Speaker, although now chairman of the B.B.C., is still deep in its problems.

He and his colleagues have no pleasant task in exposing a position which, particularly so far as the mill areas are concerned, is almost intolerable.

Vested interests will fight hard against raising the standard of the ill-paid Indian worker, but the commission's moral influence, in advance of its coming recommendations, has already helped to improve things.

Blue outlook

As much as anything else, the efficiency of the police force rests on there being certainty in the mind of each constable that promotion goes by merit.

The Home Secretary and the provincial authorities should make it clear that promotion to the rank of sergeant is, in the case of a constable who passes his examination with credit, not necessarily dependent on the recommendation of his superintendent.

Moreover, it should not be necessary to obtain the consent of a superior officer before sitting for this examination.

At present these two impeding conditions cause considerable dissatisfaction in the force.

Wolves at the Wakes

There has been the usual influx of pickpockets and confidence tricksters into the West Coast resorts for the Lancashire "Wakes" season.

A special staff of detectives has been detailed to deal with them, but many of the "con." men, realising this, are devoting attention to the villages.

Farmers, hotel and garage proprietors, and country people generally, particularly in districts near Blackpool, Bolton and Wigan, should be on their guard against fashionably-dressed strangers over-anxious to make friends.

The inner temple

Recently we had something to say about "The Somerset Holiday Bureau," which was the offspring or byshoot of a Mr. L. Clements Temple.

We showed how deposits of £5 were required from canvassers, and how cheques for wages due to the staff were dishonoured.

That is one thing. This is another. All these things happened from May onwards.

But we have before us a dishonoured cheque for £69 issued by Temple in January to some printers, Messrs. Holloway and Sons, of Weston-super-Mare.

So at the time he contracted his further liabilities to his canvassers he had this dishonoured cheque to his discredit.

We call this a case of manifest fraud, and suggest that police action should be taken.

"Slaves of the Wheel"

Albert Flower, of Canterbury Road, S.E., is one of the "slaves of the wheel" on whom we commented in our recent exposure of the crippling hours worked by thousands of road workers.

Summoned at Leighton Buzzard for causing an obstruction while asleep, Flower declared that he had been at the wheel so long that he could no longer keep his eyes open. He had been driving day and night and was absolutely "done."

We need hardly stress again the fact that the new Road Traffic Bill hours regulations cannot be put into operation a day too soon.

Flight of memory

You would think from the frenzied adoration of British air girls who have recently triumphed that prior to that flying was an absolute male monopoly.

How quickly the public forgets.

As long ago as 1913 the wife of that celebrated novelist, the late Maurice Hewlett, was an accomplished air-pilot and herself taught her son to fly.

So thorough was her tuition that young Lieutenant Hewlett, R.N. (now a group captain in the Royal Air Force), raided Cuxhaven in the first days of the war.

Consumption peril?

An enquiry must be made into the dust peril to men engaged on clearing the tubes, uptakes and brick-ends of furnaces of marine boilers where oil-fuel is used.

This dust is far more harmful than that generated by the combustion of coal, and thoroughly efficient and disinfected masks and overalls should be used.

At present this is not done, and how unfortunate is the result would be revealed by investigation.

Stock Exchange scandal

Scores of Stock Exchange clerks, many of them married men with families, are walking the streets in quest of work.

During the boom period the firms that employed them made handsome profit, but they had no conscience in lightly dismissing them when the tide turned.

There are, of course, many concerns making noble efforts to avert dismissals, but far too many of the other kind.

An official word of disfavour from the Stock Exchange would at least mitigate the scandal.

Babies watch births

There's another sort of birth control needed in Preston.

According to Dr. William Howard, it is quite a common occurrence in the "proud town" for a child to be born in the presence of a family group.

He described at a recent inquest how on the night of one confinement five children, their ages ranging up to eight years, slept in the same room.

The housing shortage may be blamed. But surely somewhere in Preston there are social workers who could arrange for children to be removed for at least the night of the confinement.

The "proud town" has nothing to be proud about here.

Stand clear!

Here is another instance of the "illustrations with article" ramp.

A photographer, falsely representing himself as an agent of the "Empire Press Pictures," of 24, Farringdon Avenue, London, called on a reader, and suggested that photographs should be taken of his radio-set and workshop.

The verbal agreement was to purchase one block if suitable. The agreement, which was signed, said *blocks*, and made no reservation.

Well, a signature is a signature. All we can do is to bid our readers beware.

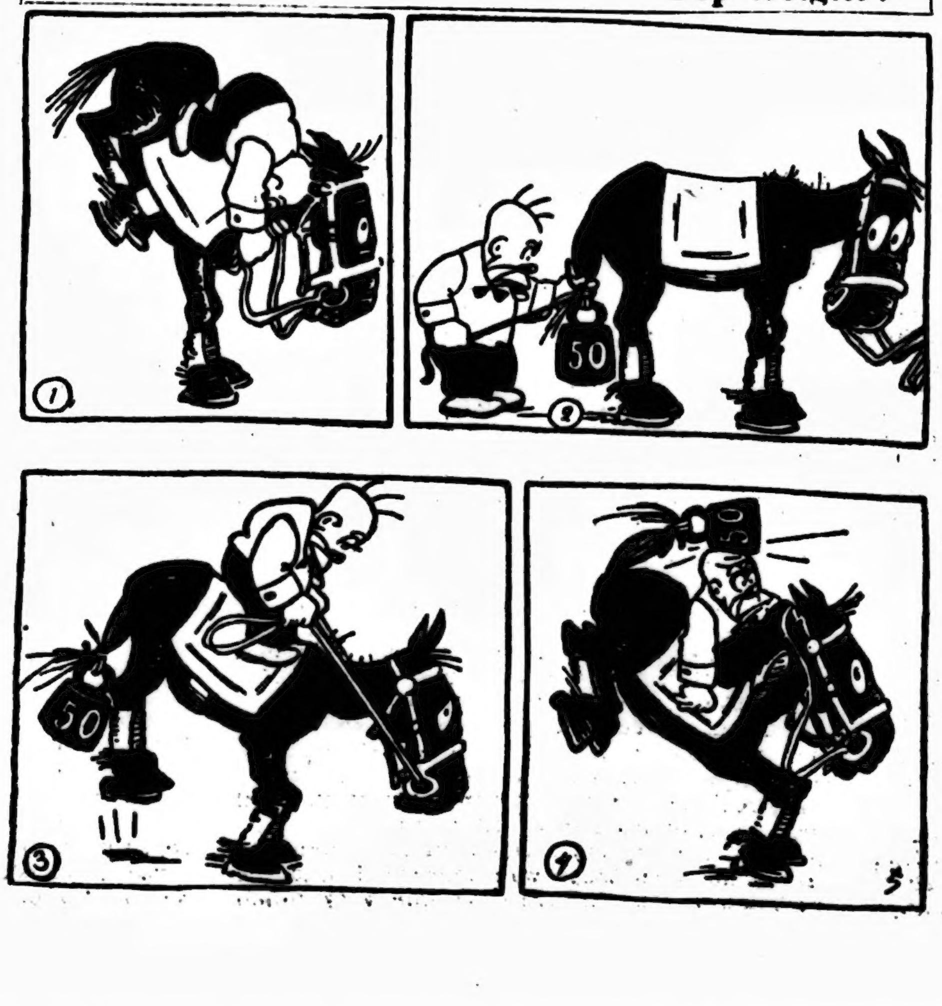
The Forsyth Saga

Pastor David Forsyth is a clever young man. Make no mistake about that! He must be. He was trained by Pastor Jeffreys!

Two years ago he was working for the L.M.S. Then he became financial and organising secretary for Pastor Jeffreys. And now he is curing people and collecting "subs" on his own.

The collection is undoubted; the curing a matter of faith. He is now going strong at Wolverhampton. And there is no law against this sort of thing.

ADAMSON— —*Top weight!*



The nigger in the pile

The still rebellious Mr. de Valera is now back in Ireland from his money-raising campaign in the United States.

Back with the money

He is understood to have brought back $400,000.

Since he has plans afoot to publish a new paper, and has actually placed orders for machinery, he must certainly have raised a fairly large sum.

Where did it come from?

We suspect Mr. William Randolph Hearst, the newspaper magnate, and world's biggest mischief-maker. He loves us no longer, as witness his recent "vitriol-throwing" at the Prime Minister.

Never say die

Perseverance pays, and trade-union officials do not neglect the virtue when handling accident compensation cases.

Here is a prime example. In 1923 a member of the National Union of Agricultural Workers was injured and was awarded 29s. 10d. a week.

In the same year £300 was offered in total settlement. This was rejected and vigorously contested through lengthy court proceedings.

The injured man continued to draw his weekly allowance and has now been paid, through the union, a settlement sum of £1,070.

As well for a sheep

So far as the severity of the penalty is concerned, a criminal seems justified in the belief that he may as well be sentenced for a sheep as a lamb.

Mr. Justice McCardie, at Staffordshire Assizes the other day, sentenced a young postman to fifteen months' hard labour for stealing three postal packets.

There then came before him an accountant, against whom defalcations of £7,368 from a local council were alleged. He got twenty months in the second division.

Addled eggs

We call the attention of the police to a rogue going round South London offering to supply new-laid eggs, peas, and strawberries.

He asks for a substantial payment in advance, and then vanishes—usually without even tendering a receipt.

One address given is "Mr. Reed, Warren Farm, Holmwood, near Dorking, Surrey."

But the devil has many disguises.

The children's friend

The Chief Constable of Salford (Major C. V. Godfrey) deserves all the good things said about him by thousands of grateful Salford mothers.

The loss of life among local children in road accidents became so alarming that the Chief hit upon the happy idea of closing to heavy traffic certain streets, where the death-roll was highest.

There has been only one accident in a year's experiment with the system as against an accident a week previously.

Well done, Chief!

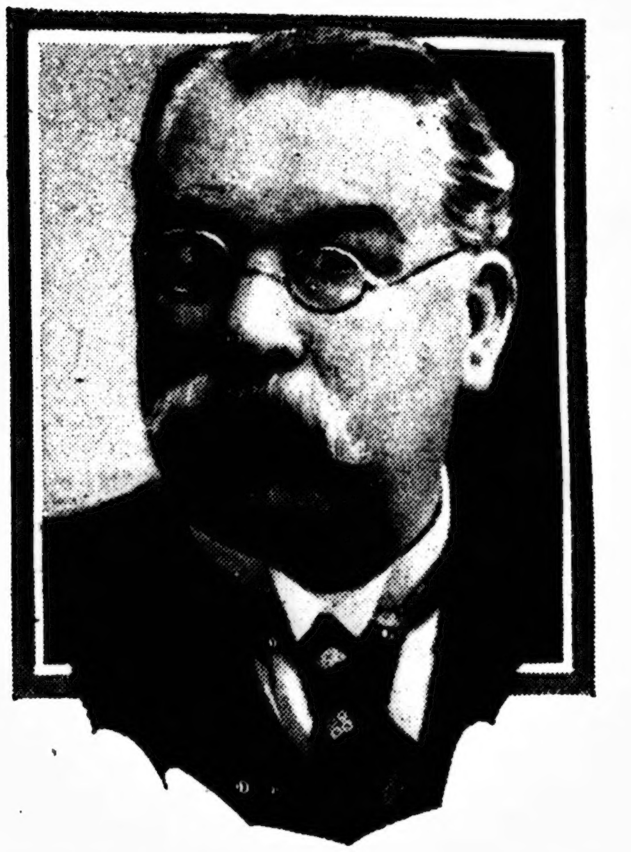
The motor jam

J. Thompson and Co., of 67-69, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., interest us. They are such blissful optimists.

At the present time they are interested in Leyland Motors, and they promise to treble any investment you make with them within ninety days, or return your money—"intact." Intact is the word.

Really, why people go to Monte Carlo we don't know.

SAFE *and* Un-Safeguarding



by The Rt. Hon. JOHN HODGE

Mr. Hodge's views on safeguarding and food xes are not ours, but we publish his article representing a big section of trade union ought.

THAT there is a great change of opinion amongst trade unionists is evidenced by the report of the Economic Committee of the Trade Union Congress General Council.

One might sum up the report by ying that the considered opinion of the committee is that neither tariff reform or Free ade will cure our economic evils.

The campaigns of two of our leading daily wspapers have put new life into tariff rem, and those milder people who believe in feguarding.

I have not been orthodox on the one side the other, so far as fiscal policy is concerned. deed, trade union policy has not been logi- or consistent on this question.

For many years the Trades Union Congress ssed resolutions demanding from the vernment the inclusion of a fair-wage use in all Government contracts, the purpose ing to safeguard the wages and conditions of de-union workmen, and, incidentally, the ployers who conformed to these conditions.

I have never been able to realise why, if de unions as a body were in favour of a oposal of this kind, that they should hesitate apply it to all kinds of goods coming from Continent.

For the conditions under which such goods re made—both as rerds wages and condins of labour—were thing like the standds prevailing in this ntry.

The Iron and Steel ades Confederation, of ich I am president, in 3 asked Mr. Baldwin receive a deputation, that we might place fore him the necessity an enquiry into the cal problem as it cted the iron and el trades.

He referred us to the Safeguarding Act, t we demonstrated to him that the Government's regulations under that Act made imposle a successful application so far as the iron d steel industry was concerned.

Bolster for failures

WE further added that we wished to do more than safeguard—that until the trade organised on a scientific basis and got rid of the old and antiquated nt, neither tariff reform nor safeguarding uld suffice, and would have the effect merely bolster up old works and old plant.

What we desired was an enquiry which uld cover the whole ground, so that the apping of all the old and antiquated plant ould run hand-in-hand with (if not precede) measure on the lines of safeguarding.

I have in mind the striking example of a uth Wales firm which owns an old and incient plant in South Wales and the latest d best type of iron and steel producing plant Lincolnshire.

The firm has ceased operating its South les works because it has found that, despite handicap of a rail-freight from Lincolnre to South Wales of 10s. per ton, it can der more cheaply than it can manufacture in local works.

Why should an old works of that kind be stered up by a tariff or safeguarding? Other mples could be given of a somewhat simi- character, but I will add but one more.

One of the firms manufacturing corrugated sheets bought its steel bars from foreign sources.

Generally speaking, it bought cheaper than it could at home.

This was only natural, because protected countries, such as Germany and Belgium, could run their plants full time, thus reducing oncost charges, and consequently could sell their over-production at a cheaper rate abroad than in the home market.

All very well—until world trade began to boom, and difficulties arose in connection with the firm's foreign supplies of bars.

Changed its spots

AS, however, world trade boomed, home trade boomed also, and when it tried to purchase from British steel-makers it discovered that it could only do so at a price.

Consequently, it had to put down its own plant for the purpose of supplying its own wants.

When this particular firm could purchase foreign bars at less than home cost the members were Free Traders, but when the time came that they manufactured the bars themselves they became Tariff Reformers.

It is clear, therefore, how circumstances alter cases.

For a great many years I have been very closely associated with the International Federation of Metal Workers.

When the slump in trade came the French and Belgians, in particular, were dumping steel into this country at very low prices, and our members in the iron and steel industry were only half-employed.

At one of the meetings of the International Federation I told it that the workers in Great Britain were getting sick and tired of foreign commodities of all kinds being dumped into this country, whilst abroad our goods were faced with practically a closed door, and that a feeling was growing that there should be an end to that kind of thing.

I then proceeded to propound my favourite remedy—namely, that foreign goods of any kind should not be allowed to be imported into this country unless they were made under conditions which were equal to those obtaining here.

The foreign delegates, generally speaking, expressed the opinion that if Great Britain adopted a plan of this kind it would be the best thing possible so far as the Continental workers were concerned, because it would have the effect of tending to improve wages and conditions abroad.

In 1924, when the Labour Government first came into office, the iron and steel trades again approached the Government.

Things were then very bad in the trade. Our production of steel was something like seven million tons per annum, and anything from four to five million tons of foreign steel were being dumped into this country.

This meant very serious unemployment so far as the steel trade was concerned, and the workmen in the industry became very much alarmed and incensed at such a condition of things.

In South Wales, for example, the steelmakers, in many instances, ceased the production of steel ingots by closing down their melting furnaces. They bought the ingots from abroad, and rolled them in their own mills.

The workmen who were idle naturally demanded that their fellow-workers should not roll the foreign ingots.

That, of course, was no remedy, because, if the tinplate-makers could not get foreign steel rolled in this country, they would have imported the bars direct, so that further unemployment would have been caused.

Lord Passfield—then Mr. Sidney Webb—who was at that time President of the Board of Trade, was made aware of these facts, but we did not expect to get any relief from that gentleman, whom we knew to be a doctrinaire Free Trader.

It was suggested to him by a member of the workmen's delegation why should not the Government give a subsidy to the steel trade as it had done in the case of the beet and dye industries?

No real cure

OR, if the point was that the Government could not bolster up an industry whose plant was out of date, why not find it cheap money?—although, to my mind, that would not be a real cure.

We must have some form of Protection for the steel trade, as lower wages and conditions on the Continent would otherwise give the foreign producer a competitive advantage in the present condition of world trade.

There can be little doubt that safeguarding in the motor industry has been beneficial, and the fears of free traders that the prices to the home buyer would rise have not been justified.

On the contrary, cars are cheaper to-day than previous to safeguarding, but in this industry it should be remembered that they were not harassed and hampered as the iron and steel industry has been, so that the parallel between it and other industries cannot be taken as fair.

Assuming that all the main industries were safeguarded, could agriculture be left out?

I do not think it could, but the same criticism can be applied to agriculture as I have applied to the iron and steel industry. Old and antiquated methods must be scrapped.

Could afford it

INTENSIVE cultivation should be applied, and why should not the farmers of a district or county co-operate for the purpose of marketing as one unit?

I have no fears as to the results of the application of safeguarding to agriculture, because, if we had better trade and better wages, we could afford to pay more for our food.

£250 for Yes or No!

JOHN BULL *is now giving a lead to Britain on the most important of all political topics:*

Is the country in favour of taxing foreign food?

By giving your vote you will help to solve a great national problem—and someone will certainly win £250.

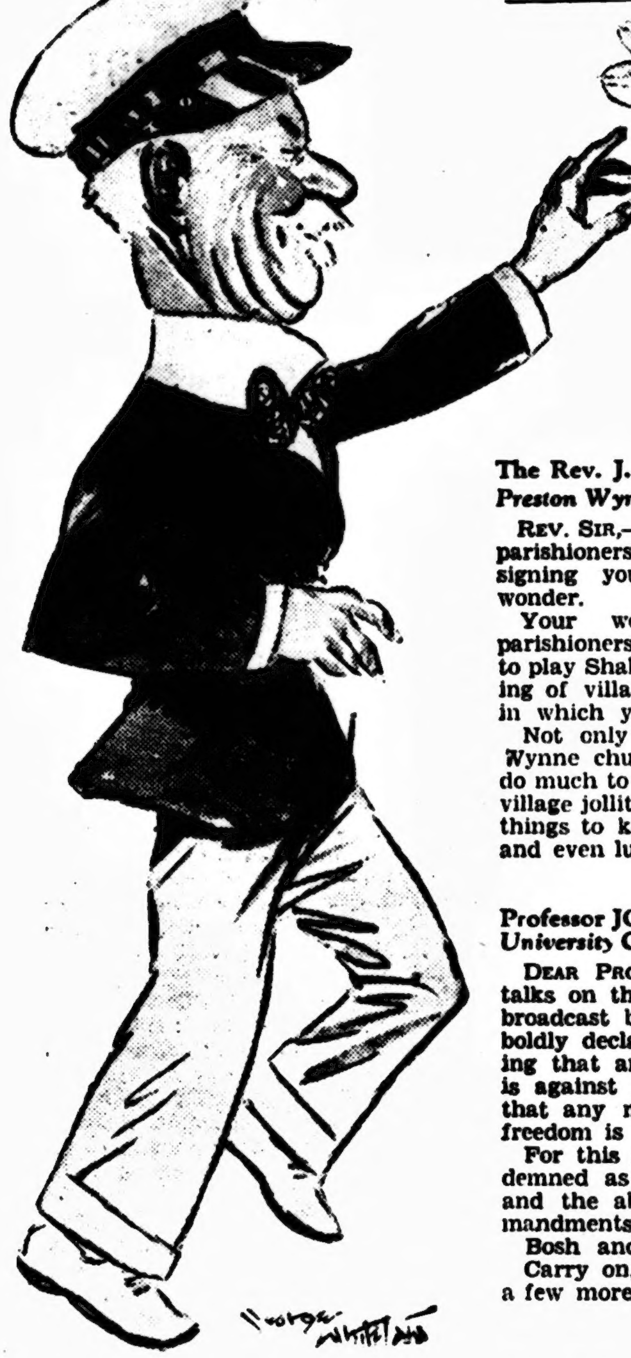
The conditions of this unique secret ballot are on page 24.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

The Cup AND THE LIPTON!

He May Stab Again—What About Wages

Sky-writing Bunkum



Sir THOMAS LIPTON, K.C.V.O.,
Yacht "Shamrock V."

DEAR SIR THOMAS,—I never like you so much as when you are battling for that "elusive old mug." And, by Jove, you have battled hard.

The luck has been all against you, but you have just grinned and tried again with that amazing grit which made you a merchant prince.

I hate to have to say it, but I think the dice is loaded against you again this time, and that, quite candidly, the chance of victory is not rosy.

Still, you have a fine ship and a fine crew and no one would be better pleased than I if this time the cup did not slip from the Lipton!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. RAMSBOTHAM, M.P.,
18, Hornton Court, London, W.

DEAR SIR,—Your suggested amendment of the Finance Bill met with the right fate.

I don't at all see the injustice of two married people, living together, but with separate incomes, paying more than if they lived apart.

They save on rent and other household matters. Where's the grievance?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. FREDERICK WHITBURN,
Willesden, London, N.W.

DEAR SIR,—It was honest of you, anyhow, to withdraw your charge of stabbing against George Read on the ground that he had some justification because you were living with his wife.

I take it that you consider that, now that he has had his one free bite, he should leave you alone. What will you do if he bites again?

About the justification for your domestic arrangements it is not in my province to speak.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. J. H. EVELEGH, M.A.,
Preston Wynne, Vicarage, Herts

REV. SIR,—Deaf though you are, your parishioners wouldn't hear of your resigning your living, and I don't wonder.

Your work of training your parishioners—farmers and labourers—to play Shakespeare and your organising of village games shows the spirit in which you work.

Not only will you make Preston Wynne church popular, but you will do much to re-create the lost spirit of village jollity which is one of the main things to keep people in the country, and even lure them from the towns.

JOHN BULL.

Professor JOHN MacMURRAY, M.A.,
University College, Gower St., W.C.

DEAR PROFESSOR,—In your series of talks on the Philosophy of Freedom, broadcast by the B.B.C., you have boldly declared that "instead of saying that any freedom is bad which is against morality, we ought to say that any morality which is against freedom is a bad morality."

For this you are being roundly condemned as a teacher of Bolshevism and the abolition of the Ten Commandments.

Bosh and fiddlesticks!

Carry on, professor, and clear away a few more cobwebs.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. MAURICE BEAR,
Empress Club, Dover St., London, W.

DEAR MADAM,—I must congratulate you upon the splendid work which you and your colleagues of the Wayfarers' Sunday Association have inaugurated.

To have lifted the depression of the awful loneliness of London on Sundays from between six and seven hundred working girls far from home, is indeed a great achievement in the short time the organisation has been in existence.

The success of the five centres you have already established is no doubt largely due to the fact that the association expressly avoids going out of its way to "do good" in the accepted sense of the term.

I believe your faith in human nature will be amply justified.

JOHN BULL.

Sir ROLAND NUGENT,
Federation of British Industries

DEAR SIR ROLAND,—It is very nice of your federation to furnish the Government with its views upon the general principles of price maintenance. Very nice!

A kindred, almost a brother organisation, the Coal Association, used to be very busy furnishing Press and public with its views, which were, broadly, high prices and low wages.

I'm sure they are not yours.

Let me tell you, anyhow, that to increase prices you must increase purchasing power; and that means *wages*.

JOHN BULL.

Sir ERIC HAMBRO,
Hambro's Bank, Ltd., Bishopsgate, E.C.

DEAR SIR ERIC,—Frankly, I do not value in the least the declaration of certain bankers, yourself among them, in favour of Empire Free Trade.

We are in our present mess mainly because industry has been controlled by the bankers and other financiers who think of wealth in terms of counters.

Men who deal solely in money cannot think straight about real wealth—food and clothing and houses. You have sent the world wrong. And it won't go right as long as you rule the roast.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. J. C. PICKUP,
Medical Officer, Wombwell, Yorks.

DEAREST DOCTOR,—Why will you talk such nonsense about the danger of kissing? You won't stop it. You know that.

All your sort of hygiene is ridiculous. It can be proved that the in dentals of parenthood are terrib dangerous, and if you are logical y will urge that nobody shall ha children.

It is dangerous to live in towns; i is dangerous to live in the country it is very dangerous to eat, for ger lurk in all our food.

In fact, the only safe thing is t commit suicide. I am too magnani mous to suggest that you should se us that example.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman J. S. ROSE,
Barnsley

DEAR SIR,—It is quaint that yo should attribute the ill-success of th Barnsley Football Club to bad refe eeing.

You may remember the case of th man who attributed his bad head th morning after the night before to th lobster.

My dear sir, don't do it! The play' the thing.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. EMIL DAVIES,
London County Council

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—Your characteri sation of smoke-advertisements forme in the sky by aeroplanes as "desecra tion" is sheer bunkum.

We can see worse kinds of desecra tion in our horizon, and without cra ing our necks. The social condition of London provide some of them.

Why worry about harmless puffs o white smoke in the sky when ther are still slums from which the daylight is shut out?

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT from the Shoulde

SIR ERNEST BENN: "There are fa too many people putting things right." *Right for themselves, and all wrong for others.*

• • •

SIR THOMAS INSKIP: "It is not s much rationalisation as rejuvenation that our industries are waiting for." *Yes. Just waiting.*

• • •

DR. D. LECHMERE ANDERSON: "As nation we have lost the art of singing." *But not of whining.*

Not from the B.B.C.—Sir John Roger Burrow Gregory,
President of the Law Society, upholds

THE MAJESTY of the ASS

THE Law is the embodiment
Of ev'rything that's excellent;
It has no kind of fault or flaw.
And I, you see, embody the Law.

It follows thus, as night and day,
That all I do and all I say
Must, like the Law for which I stand,
Unqualified respect command.

Yet some, unskilled in legal lore,
Have ventured lately to deplore
Some defects (they profess to see)
Sanctioned by my society.

But any lawyer could at once
Convict each critic as a dunce
Who has confused, in manner dense,
The common law with common sense!

• • •

This is a mistake frequently made by simple people, but one of which no trained lawyer should be guilty. I am, therefore, surprised at the behaviour of my learned friend, Sir John Withers, M.P.

Sir John has been a member of the council of the society of which I have the honour to be president; but he has thought fit to tender his resignation, so that he can, unhampered by allegiance to the legal trade union, introduce a Bill to ensure that money entrusted by clients to solicitors shall be kept in separate bank accounts.

The Bill, indeed, goes further, and stipulates for annual audits, and in a letter to the society Sir John ventures to refer to a "disgraceful series of frauds" in which solicitors have lately been involved.

• • •

Such language savours to me of professional disloyalty, for only a few days before it was written the society, in its wisdom, had decided to delete from a proposed Bill two clauses relating to the keeping of separate accounts for clients.

It is most unfortunate that such suggestions should be made, especially in view of the fact that a certain weekly journal, which professes to stand "For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth," has had the impudence to suggest that solicitors should be required to contribute to a fidelity insurance fund, from which clients could be recouped for losses arising from fraud.

Really, this sort of thing is most derogatory to the dignity of the law!

I am aware that certain banks and other concerns require their clerks to take out insurance policies of this type; but it is intolerable that any upright and downright solicitor should be asked to agree to a proposal which implies that any member of his profession is capable of dishonesty.

Admittedly, such cases are not un known. But my society can no more b expected to "know" of them officially than a judge can be expected to "see" a barrister who appears without w and gown.

In any matters of this kind,
We lawyers are, like Justice, blind;
For we refuse to see,
Though it be plainer than the day,
Aught which impairs in any way
Our giddy dignity.

We merely smile when we are told
That there are black sheep in the fol
How could this come to pass?
How could the Law as offspring own
Black *sheep*, since, as is widely know
It is itself an ass?

Sailors DO CARE!

by A. G. GARDINER

F good old Samuel Plimsoll, whose memorial on the Thames Embankment was recently unveiled by that grand "old salt," Sir Walter Runciman, could come to th, he would rejoice to-day with exceeding great joy. For the ade he waged and won for the ish seaman has now conquered the ld.

he International Load-line Conven which has been sitting in London e May has at last reached a trium nt conclusion.

wenty-seven nations of the world, ctically all the sea-going countries, e unanimously adopted an inter ional load-line, and the end of the in-ship era is at hand.

s doom was first sounded fifty-five rs ago, when Plimsoll shook his fist he face of the Speaker of the House Commons, and denounced Disraeli's ernment as "villains" who had ificed the seamen to the dastardly owners.

We tell the world

limsoll had to apologise for his er, but his wrath won the day. The ntry shared his noble indignation, for more than fifty years no ish merchant-ship or collier has to sea without the safeguard of the soll line, beyond which no ship be loaded.

is one of the most splendid stories ur annals, and thousands of British nen are alive to-day who but for nsoll's righteous and devoted pas would ere this have perished at

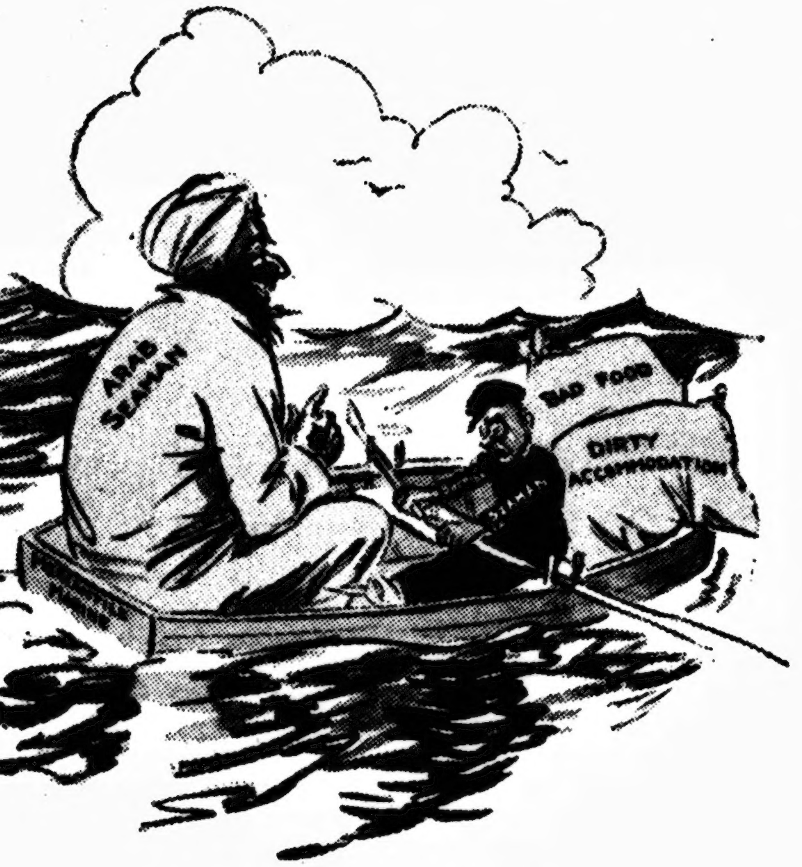
ut the world at large has lagged behind our lead.

you go across the Bay or through Mediterranean you will still see, n the waves are rolling mountains , some wretched tramp laden ost to the gunwale, engaged in a perate gamble with fate.

ou would say, as it appears and dis ears in the torment of the waters, every moment must be its last. en it is its last.

nd it is not always a foreign vessel has gone down with all hands. ny a British ship, in spite of the soll line, has been overloaded at ign ports, and has steamed out er to be seen again.

ow at last the scandal of the coffin is over. Every new keel that is down after 1932, no matter in what ntry, will have to conform to the world-wide safety regulations, and y existing ship will be subject to



"The work of Plimsoll is not done"

protective measures for securing the safety of the seamen. Plimsoll's gospel has overspread the world.

But we must not suppose that all is lovely in the garden henceforth.

There is still much in the lot of the merchant seamen that would make Plimsoll, if he were alive, still shake his fist in the face of the Speaker. Many of these grievances are as inexcusable as they are cruel.

To sea in a coffin

It is not enough that the sailor should have reasonable security against violent death. It is not enough that he should not be sent to sea in a coffin.

No labour of the world is harder or more full of perils. No labour is of more vital service to the world. And no life is more entitled to decent conditions than the seaman's.

But it is notorious that the forecastle accommodation is often so disgraceful that a self-respecting pig could hardly endure them. And the food is often as bad as the lodging.

No, the work of Plimsoll is not done, and there is no class in the community which is more urgently in need of a powerful and ceaseless champion in Parliament than the British sailor.

We hear much of the miner who hews the coal, but nothing of the seaman who carries it over the seas of the world at far greater risk and with far greater discomfort.

Where is the man that will take up the role of Plimsoll to-day in the same disinterested spirit and with the same sleepless vigilance of that great man? There is plenty for him to-day.

Take, for example, that crying grievance connected with the signing-on of coloured hands that is causing so much bitterness among our unemployed seamen.

There is no miracle in the industrial world more striking than the fact that this small island controls half of the shipping of the world.

Britannia has ceased to rule the waves quite in the old way with its battleship, but it still rules the waves with its multitudinous merchantmen.

Yet with all this predominance in the realm of shipping, we have 20,000 unemployed British seamen.

Go to South Shields and you will find 1,200 officers and seamen seeking berths, and seeking them in vain. And so at other ports in proportion to their importance.

This would be intelligible if there were no work for them to do; but this is not the explanation.

There is work, but information which has been placed at my disposal shows that it is going to foreign hands —and to foreign hands in British ports.

Not British

Arab and Somali seamen, in every way inferior to the British seamen, are securing jobs on British ships in preference to the Englishman.

The scandal is the more flagrant because most of these alien usurpers are not legitimately registered in this country as seamen.

For the most part they have been smuggled ashore and signed on with British ships in circumstances which call for the fullest enquiry.

Let us see how the trick is done. At the London Sessions a week or two ago two Arab seamen, Said Houssain and Ishmail Hassan, were each sentenced to twenty-one days' imprisonment and recommended for deportation, having landed in this country without permission and with forged documents.

With great cunning, they travelled overland, caught a vessel at another port, were signed on, and reached an English port, where the immigration authorities were helpless, as they now had a British discharge.

The real root of the mischief is to be found in a certain type of seamen's lodging-house run by crimps, who find it profitable to exploit Arab labour at the expense of the British seaman.

In a recent round-up in South Shields the police discovered seventy-six unregistered Arab seamen, and the evidence clearly pointed to certain lodging-house keepers being responsible for their presence.

A black business

I am assured that at the present time there are upwards of 20,000 Arabs distributed throughout the ports of the country—an equivalent for the whole of the British unemployed seamen.

Many of these are from French and Italian territories. Many of them are unemployed, but whether employed or unemployed, they serve to depress the whole sea-going industry.

For disclosures at Newcastle a short time ago showed that these dregs of the Mediterranean basin are maintained by the low-class seamen's boarding-house keepers, who prey upon them and appropriate their wages when they are discharged after a voyage.

There is even disquieting evidence that some British marine engineers are not above working hand in glove with the crimps in this discreditable traffic.

This illicit and disgraceful competition has already led to scenes of bloodshed and riot in many of the ports, and it is time that Parliament turned its serious attention to the scandal.

It cannot plead ignorance, for questions have been repeatedly put in the House, without, however, any satisfactory action.

What is needed is another Plimsoll, who will make the cause of the British seamen his own, and who, if necessary, will not hesitate to shake his fist with honest indignation in the Speaker's face

---

HOMELY WISDOM

UNDERED HEARTS

by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

EOPLE differ amazingly in the tenacity of their affections. I have seen overwhelming grief at the graveside which was soon forted. On the other hand, I know e than one life that has been per ently shadowed by hopeless grief.

eath is not always the author of the ow. There are schisms in life ch are much harder to bear than the rations caused by death.

o one who has ever suffered the dful surprise of being betrayed or rted by a beloved and trusted fellow will need to be assured of this.

nless we keep careful watch upon elves and our duty to others life is to grow poorer and sadder as it s older.

hat affectionate and sociable being, rles Lamb, in his poem, "Old iliar Faces," gives utterance to a common experience as the evening fe approaches.

I have had playmates, I have had
companions;
All, all are gone, the old familiar
faces."

Is there a word of warning as well as of consolation needed here? I think so.

We can become so dependent upon and absorbed by a dear companionship that if anything happens to rob us of it we cannot recover from the blow.

It is good and right to love wholeheartedly, to let ourselves go in showing tenderness and rendering service to those we care for; but it is wrong to shut ourselves up to them in such a way that life ends for us when we are deprived of their society.

Women are more given to this concentrated kind of devotion than men, but there are notable exceptions.

There are selfish, shallow women who care little for husband or children or anybody but themselves, and I have known more than one man whose heart was broken and the light of whose life went out with the passing of wife and child.

Still, on the whole, it is true that a woman lives for the individual object of her loyalty as a man seldom does.

How many thousand women are there in England to-day whose hearts lie buried in a soldier's grave in France or Flanders or in the ocean deep?

The greatest griefs are those we never hear of, incurable sorrows locked away in silence.

To all readers of these words who can find no solace for love bereaved, I would venture to say: You do wrong to allow any memory, however precious, however sweet, to drive you into solitude and deprive you of sympathy for your fellow-creatures round about you.

To have possessed the privilege of a great love in the past should make you more, and not less, a lover of your kind.

"Home they brought her warrior dead:
She neither swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
'She must weep or she will die.'
Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
'Sweet, my child, I live for thee.'"

They who love most live best and come to know that love is the very stuff of eternal life.

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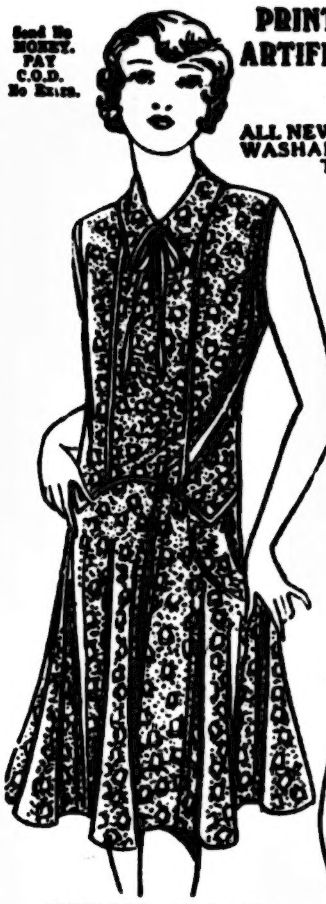

PHYLLIS. Style 45.
This Frock is really charming. Fashionable flared Skirt, sleeveless as illustrated. Piped collar with pretty tie, piping to tone. A very superior garment, washable and unfadable. In addition to the colours as list this model only can also be supplied in plain White or Cream, piped Lemon, Blue or Red. Ideal for Tennis. Price 1/- extra.

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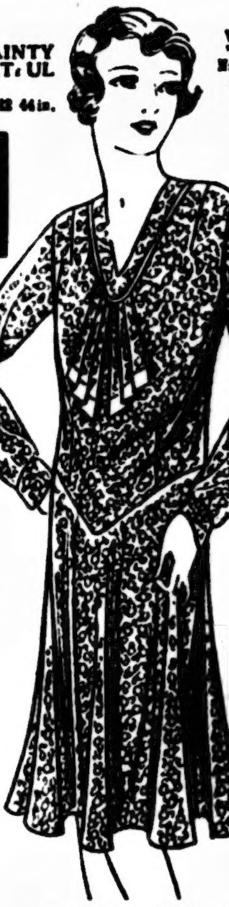

PAMELA. Style 41.
A charming model in multi-colour design heavy quality Artificial Silk. Fashionable flared skirt, long sleeves as illustrated. Piped collar with pretty jabot, edged with piping to tone. A very superior garment, washable and unfadable. Predominating colours as list.

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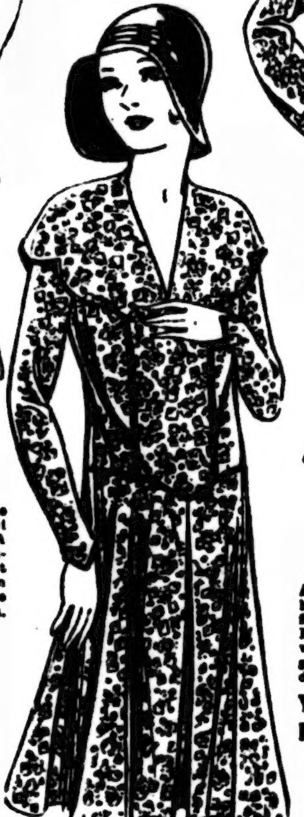

DORIS. Style 52.
A very pretty Frock with the latest fancy cape collar. The cape collar is all the rage nowadays. This attractive frock has the latest fancy cape collar. Newest skirt, bodice and collar piped to tone. A really pretty frock. Supplied with or without sleeves (please mention when ordering). Colours as list. Sleeveless,

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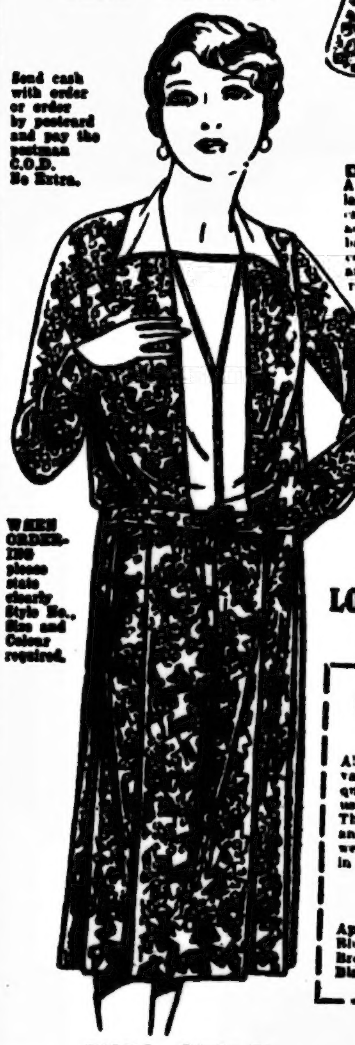

DIANA. Style 51.
SPECIAL OUTSIZE.—This beautiful new Model is specially designed for the fuller figure, made in good quality Artificial Silk in all colours as list. Pleated skirt, belt with buckle, inset vest, trimmed as illustrated. Contrast collar, turn back cuffs. A very elegant garment. Colours as list.
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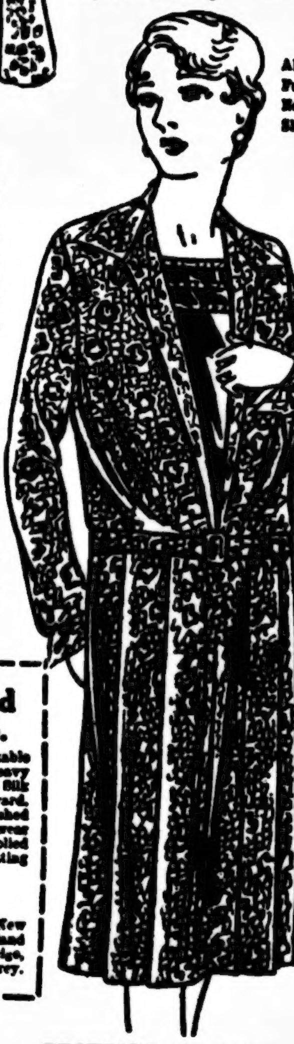

BEATRICE. Style 43.
DELIGHTFUL OUTSIZE.—This is a specially smart design for the matron and outsize figure, in good quality Printed Artificial Silk. Pleated Skirt, belt with buckle, inset vest, point collar with long revers, three rows piping on vest, fashionable point cuffs. Colours as list.
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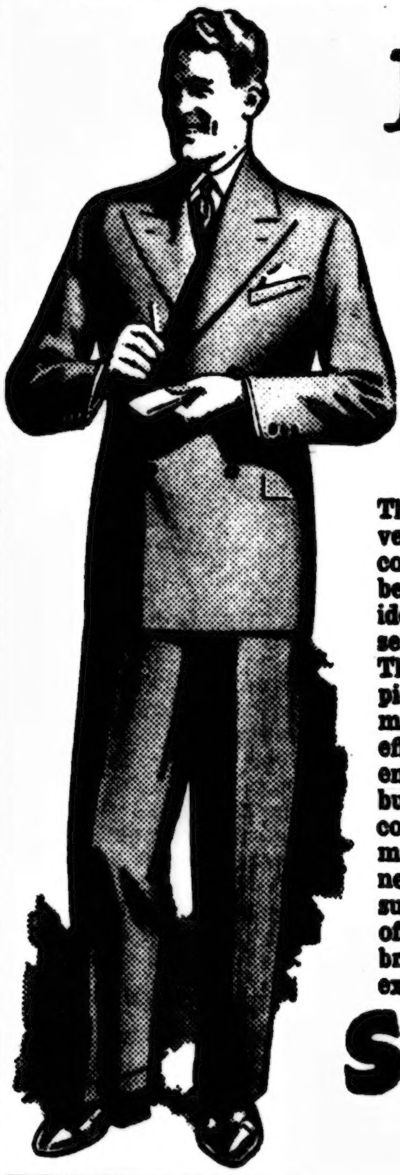

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Do not fail to see patterns. Together with patterns and self-measure chart you will receive handsome brochure showing London's latest fashions. Send for free patterns as this wonderful offer may not be repeated. ALL ORDERS EXECUTED IN 7 DAYS.

S. A. BARRY & Co. LTD.
(J.B. DEPT.), 26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.
OUR ONLY ADDRESS. WE HAVE NO BRANCHES.

BABY WELFARE

YOU must have a handsomely designed, comfortable Baby Carriage for your child. Write for the Graves Catalogue of Prams and Folding Cars in the latest safe and restful designs, all delivered Carriage Paid for small deposit, and Easy Monthly Payments; also Dainty Layettes and Baby Clothing at wonderfully low prices on Easy Terms. Catalogue free. 30 years reputation for Quality and Value.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

FREE FILM YOURS for 1/- DEPOSIT

The "OXFORD" CAMERA

WITH EVERY ORDER.

with Special Portrait Attachment for taking splendid close-up photos. Size 3¼ by 2¼. Two Clear Viewfinders. T. & I. Shutter, and full instructions. Tested and guaranteed. Send 1/- deposit and 8 weekly payments 2/- (10/- cash). [illegible] J. RASHLEIGH & CO. 50-51, New Oxford Street, London.

QUEER SLOT MACHINE COMPANY

Chocolate boxes of this kind were tried out, but they never paid

Sir Beddoe Rees. His company didn't produce any of these machines

*-Col. A. F. H. S. Simpson, C.M.G., s also a director of **Silent Sales, Ltd.**—but he resigned*

SOME surprise was caused in financial, political and social spheres a few days ago by an announcement that a receiving order in bankruptcy has been de against Sir Beddoe Rees, for- rly M.P. for South Bristol, and joint asurer of the National Free Church uncil of England.

Ve consider it our duty, in the in- ests of the investing public, to ex- ine openly a number of operations two companies with which Sir ddoe Rees has been intimately asso- ted.

These transactions were so remark- e that there appears to be every son why, regardless of other troubles h which he is now beset, Sir Beddoe es should be asked for explanations.

A considerable amount of his finan- l activity has been concerned with National Commercial Corporation, . of 68, Victoria Street, S.W.

Silent Sales

n April last year National Commer- l began to take part in an astonish- kind of merry-go-round game in nection with the exploitation of a ny-in-the-slot machine.

This machine had been put on the rket first by a sweetmeat firm. The ts were next disposed of to a new npany called Pearl Automatic, ich, in turn, transferred concessions National Commercial.

hen National Commercial promoted other company, named Silent Sales, , with a nominal capital of £70,000, resold the concessions to it for ,000.

ir Beddoe Rees was, of course, the ncipal figure on the National Com- rcial side of the transaction, but, at , he was in the background so far Silent Sales was concerned.

ithin a week of the public issue ing been made, however, he rged also as a director of Silent es, which, in fact, shared the same ce as National Commercial.

rom the outset Silent Sales was committed to obligations which, it should have been obvious, would cause the company to crash.

To begin with, National Commercial undertook to perform the secretarial services of Silent Sales for £50 a month.

For this fee, Silent Sales was given the part-services of one secretary who was engaged on similar work for six of the Rees companies, and whose remuneration for all was £5 15s. weekly.

For each automatic machine it took over Silent Sales had to pay a hiring-fee of 1s. weekly for ten years—£26 in all.

Yet the real value of the machines was about 23s. each, and even one of the intermediary companies was obtaining them for 58s. each.

Bad business

Silent Sales had also been committed to pay 1s. 6d. extra per annum on each machine as insurance—an enormous liability for a cheap article to be produced in immense numbers.

Yet the prospectus of Silent Sales had shown an estimated net profit of £80,800 yearly on the basis of only 20,000 machines being in operation.

The foundation of this extraordinary calculation was a rotten one.

It was nothing more than a set of figures showing that the average revenue of sixty machines in one part of the country over three months had been 8s. 9d. weekly per machine.

We do not question that this amount of money was found in these particular machines. But they must have been particularly fortunate in the liberality and regularity of customers.

It is remarkable that none of the machines anywhere in Great Britain with which Silent Sales was subsequently saddled ever took anything approaching 8s. 9d. weekly.

We have analysed the working of more than 12,000 Silent Sales machines over six weeks in Manchester, Liverpool, Blackpool, and Cardiff.

The average takings per machine were only 1s. 1d. weekly, or one-eighth of what investors had been led to believe would be realised.

A family affair

It is worse than ridiculous that a public company should have been launched on such a fallacious basis.

Still another burden was added.

There was in existence in South Wales a company named Automatic Sites, Ltd., comprised solely of members of the Rees family.

Silent Sales was called upon to buy sites for the machines from this company at 10s. each.

Yet the independent agents of the company could get sites for nothing.

It is no wonder that Silent Sales incurred by far its heaviest losses in the South Wales territory.

In the end, even after substantial revision of contracts had been obtained, the position became thoroughly hopeless.

Silent Sales abandoned all its ill-fated contracts, Pearl Automatic consenting to cancel them and take back the machines for an acknowledged debt of £2,000.

So far, it may be said, Silent Sales had been conceived in and conducted with ineptitude.

The shareholders had been assured that the company was engaged in a sound, satisfactory, and very lucrative business, but that misstatement speaks for itself.

See what follows.

One day there called upon Sir Beddoe Rees two London inventors.

They had with them a model of a tiny automatic machine designed to fit the backs of kinema seats and to serve penny pieces of chocolate.

Sir Beddoe Rees took over the machine—but not for Silent Sales.

He bought it instead for National Commercial, which agreed to pay the inventors £1,000 and 60,000 one shilling shares of Silent Sales.

Then National Commercial sold the machine to its stable-companion, Silent Sales, for £10,000—£5,000 in cash and £5,000 in fully-paid shares.

Naturally, having so easily earned this enormous profit, it will be taken for granted that National Commercial discharged its £1,000 cash obligation to the inventors.

It would be wrong to think so.

Sir Beddoe Rees and his associates defaulted for £500 of the sum, failed to implement a promise to settle in three months, and have had judgment entered against them.

Even now the money has not been forthcoming.

An attempt by National Commercial to wind-up voluntarily has been foiled by an order of the court that liquidation shall be under its supervision.

Bailiffs arrive

Silent Sales shareholders were told another fairy-tale ten months ago about these kinema chocolate-machines.

It was that 50,000 could be fitted quickly; they would be placed in kinemas in ever-increasing numbers, and, when they were installed, handsome profits would accrue to the company.

We have to inform them that not one machine has ever been made.

For months Silent Sales has been a derelict, and has not done business of any kind.

At its offices are to be found only the general manager and the sales manager, with nothing to manage or sell and with salaries owing to them since the beginning of the year.

With them are the brokers' men put there by the landlords.

Why, it is right to ask, is Sir Beddoe Rees, who with a relative is in control of the company, still hesitating to wind-up the inglorious Silent Sales?

A BOOKIE'S *Nasty Pictures*

RICHARD MARSHALL is fat and fifty. He is also a bookmaker of the old school, boasting a complexion as "sporty" as his wide expanse of waistcoat and gold watch-chain.

But Marshall is now more concerned with "boobs" than with bets. One bookie on the bounce, he thinks, is worth two in the office.

For some time past he has been in the habit of paying flying visits to towns where race-meetings are being held, not to make a book, but money out of mugs.

He selects as his headquarters an hotel frequented by the "sporty" type. He speedily makes himself known in bar and lounge, attracting a bunch of hangers-on by liberal "treating," sparkling racing yarns, and his own imaginary big coups on the turf.

* * *

In addition, his stock-in-trade includes one of the filthiest collections of indecent pictures in this country, which, among a certain class of man, makes him a "proper lad."

At appropriate moments the disarming Richard finds himself short of the "ready," and what is more natural than that his new-found "pals" should cash his cheques for a fiver or two?

Hotel managers as well as bar acquaintances have fallen victim, and so have shopkeepers. In a few days Marshall musters a formidable amount for his wastepaper—and vanishes to pastures new.

* * *

At Leicester recently he deceived a hotel manager with a cheque drawn on Lloyds Bank. It was returned dishonoured, and enquiries proved that the account had been closed in 1928.

Leicester tradesmen have also cause to regret his visit.

Marshall is adept at posing and posturing, and at times he drops the "bookie" role and becomes a quiet, unassuming-looking commercial traveller.

In this capacity he mentions that he represents Celanese, Ltd.

He has, of course, nothing whatever to do with this well-known concern, but it is an excellent name with which to obtain credit and pass worthless cheques.

Many towns have been flooded with his wastepaper, and it is high time that this bookie on the bounce was caught on the rebound.

GREAT PUBLIC GIFT

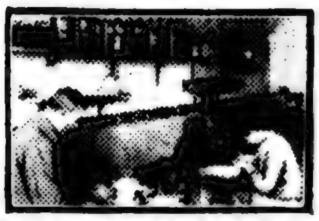
to Celebrate the Discovery of

The Secret of Hair Growth

at Matlock Bath and the Successful Building Up in Less than Five Years of the Largest Hair Specialist's Business of its kind in the World.

Mr. FREDERICK GODFREY

A large staff is required to ensure prompt attention to the tremendous volume of enquiries received daily.


Work never ceases in Mr. Godfrey's wonderful Hair Research Laboratory at the Matlock Bath Thermal Spring Establishment.

Special Printing Plant for the instructional literature required by those who entrust the care and improvement of their hair to Mr. Godfrey.

The latest types of modern office and labour saving equipment have been installed to cope with the remarkable growth of Mr. Godfrey's Business.

Corner of the room in which over 100,000 reports of New Hair Growth and Hair Improvement under Mr. Godfrey's advice are filed.

PERSONAL

To all whose Hair is not what it should be.

I BELIEVE that the public is always interested as well as entitled to learn something of the history and inner workings of any concern which has developed from tiny beginnings into Nation-Wide Service.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

So, without apology, here are a few personal details which I sincerely hope will be of interest and I trust may inspire and encourage many more men and women to set about securing that healthy and beautiful Hair development which is the special birthright of members of the British race.

Mr. Frederick Godfrey has built up in the last five years the biggest Hair Specialist's Connection of its kind in the World. From every part of the British Isles and Empire Overseas men and women Consult and obtain their Hair Preparations from him. To-day's generous offer of Hair Tonic is in keeping with the broad and open-handed principles on which Mr. Frederick Godfrey's striking success has been achieved.

I first became interested in the study of Hair Growth because my own brother developed a large bald patch which defied all ordinary methods of treatment. I set to work in every moment of spare time reading up the subject and making practical experiments.

Living as I did—and do now and hope always to do—in the wonderful Matlock Bath district, my thoughts naturally turned to Hydropathic Hair Culture.

It was not long before I succeeded in righting the troubles on my brother's scalp and restoring normal hair growth, due in great measure as I now know to the wonderful principles present in the Matlock Spring Water, which I use freely in the preparation of my specifics.

The building up of a connection was a very slow, up-hill task at first and my practice grew oh, so slowly.

Continued in Column opposite.

WILL SEND

FREE

A Generous Testing Supply of His World-Famous Hair Tonic To Every Man or Woman who is

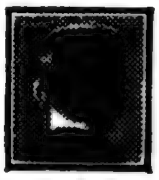
Bald, Grey

or has

Patchy Baldness
Falling Hair
Greasy Hair
Lustreless Hair
Hair Losing Colour
Scurf or Dandruff
Dry, Brittle Hair
Splitting Hair
Lank, Lifeless Hair
Fading Hair

Miss E. N. S.

"I must bless the day I wrote to you for treatment, for slowly but surely I have grown a beautiful head of hair which is admired by everybody."—Miss E.N.S.


Mr. T. H.

Dear Sir,—I am very pleased to let you know that the bald patch at the back of my neck is all right now, and all my friends think that your treatment is wonderful.—T. H.

Mr. C. E.

"I have received great results from your first month's treatment. The bald patches are covered with new hair which is quite long. The rest of my hair is in fine condition, as you will note on the photograph."—C. E.

Miss L.

"I must tell you there is a wonderful improvement in my hair. It has grown so thick and wavy that I like it much better than I did before I lost it, also, it has quite regained its natural colour.—Miss L.

Our advice to all is: Write off at once and test for yourselves what the Godfrey Renew Hair Method will do towards enhancing your personal appearance. We have every confidence as the result of hundreds of tests that no one will be disappointed. There have been so many attempts to solve this problem that some people have given up hope of ever renewing their lost hair, or regaining the natural colour in hair that has, perhaps, for years past been grey or even white. All these previously disappointed ones should take heart again and at once secure this gift of Hair Tonic, as well as Mr. Frederick Godfrey's advice. Under to-day's offer both are Free, and if afterwards it is desired to follow Mr. Godfrey's advice then the cost is quite small and the time and trouble required are inconsiderable—so none need hesitate. Write off to-day whilst the offer is open.

SIMPLY POST THIS FORM TO-DAY

To F. GODFREY

(J.B. Special Offer Dept.), WHATSTANDWELL, MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE.

NAME..

ADDRESS ....

PLEASE PRINT IN BLOCK LETTERS.
Not ordinary writing.

....

MY HAIR AILMENT IS:—..

....

....

I enclose two 1½d. stamps (value 3d.) towards cost of postage and packing. J.B. 19/7/30.

HOW I SECURED PUBLICITY.

One day the manager of a London newspaper advised me to see a London man who was well known as a successful Publicity Consultant.

I travelled up at once and interviewed Mr. Lang Neil and interested him in my work and prospects. The outcome has been an association which I trust will continue as long as Mr. Lang Neil devotes himself to Advertising. He showed me "HOW," "WHERE" and "WHEN" to let the public know what I could do for their "Hair-betterment."

To his sound practical publicity advice, combined with unceasing experiment and effort on my part and that of every member of my now large staff of Chemists and Assistants in all departments to give the Public the best Hair Growth Help at the lowest possible cost, I ascribe the extraordinary success of the Frederick Godfrey Renew Hair Institute.

Mr. C. Lang Neil, the well-known Advertising Consultant, of Ludgate House, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4, to whose experienced guidance in the Publicity of the Godfrey Renew Hair Institute Mr. Frederick Godfrey pays such hearty tribute, has been associated with many of the most successful advertising campaigns of recent years.

Some idea of the unique equipment and facilities at the disposal of members of the public whose Hair is not all that it should be may be gained from the photographs in this announcement.

ORIGINAL MATLOCK BATH THERMAL SPRING SECURED.

Space is limited, but I must not forget to mention that I have recently been able, at a cost of some thousands of pounds, to secure the freehold of the splendid original Matlock Bath Thermal Spring and Swimming Bath, thus ensuring for my patrons a permanent supply of the famous Healing Water, full use of which is made in the Frederick Godfrey Hair Preparations, whilst the splendid Thermal Swimming Bath which has been visited at their doctor's advice by health seekers from all over the world, will always remain open for use by the public.

HEARTY INVITATION TO ALL.

In conclusion, I heartily invite all who have the misfortune to be Bald or Grey, or whose Hair is any way less perfect in Growth, Colour or Condition than they desire, to take advantage of the Free Testing Supply of Hair Tonic which I have arranged to distribute in celebration of the remarkable public support I have received during the five years in which the Godfrey Renew Hair Institute has been built up to its present state of success.

FREDERICK GODFREY.

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS from Sir Wyndham Childs

BIG Lottery Sensation

TOWARDS the end of May last the Mayfair Luncheon Club, the leading light of which is a Captain J. W. Symons, V.C., of 4, Mill Street, Hanover quare, London, W., issued a circular o something like 130,000 persons which pened in the following words:

“We herewith take this opportunity f informing you that you have been uly elected an honorary member of he above club in accordance with Rule 2, and have pleasure in enclosing your nembership-card which entitles you to he rights and privileges and allows ou to become a subscriber to our Mutual Derby Subscription Fund, for hich we enclose a book of tickets.”

Election fiction

I received over a hundred letters rom readers of this paper in one day, sking me my opinion on this strange dventure, and informing me that they ad never heard of the Mayfair uncheon Club.

Contrasting these statements with he wording of the circular, which inormed them that they had been “*duly lected*,” its cunning is evident, as the hrasology is obviously intended to ause any police authority reading the ircular to suppose that there had been pplications for membership.

By the use of a reproducing machine was able to answer all my correpondents the same night, and I adised them to have nothing to do with he sweepstake.

I expressed the opinion that it was n attempt to break the laws in reard to lotteries.

A firm of solicitors representing Capain Symons has now issued a circular etter which states that, “owing to the attitude of the present Home Secretary to this kind of sweep, the police intervened and their intervention was primarily caused by comments in the Press.”

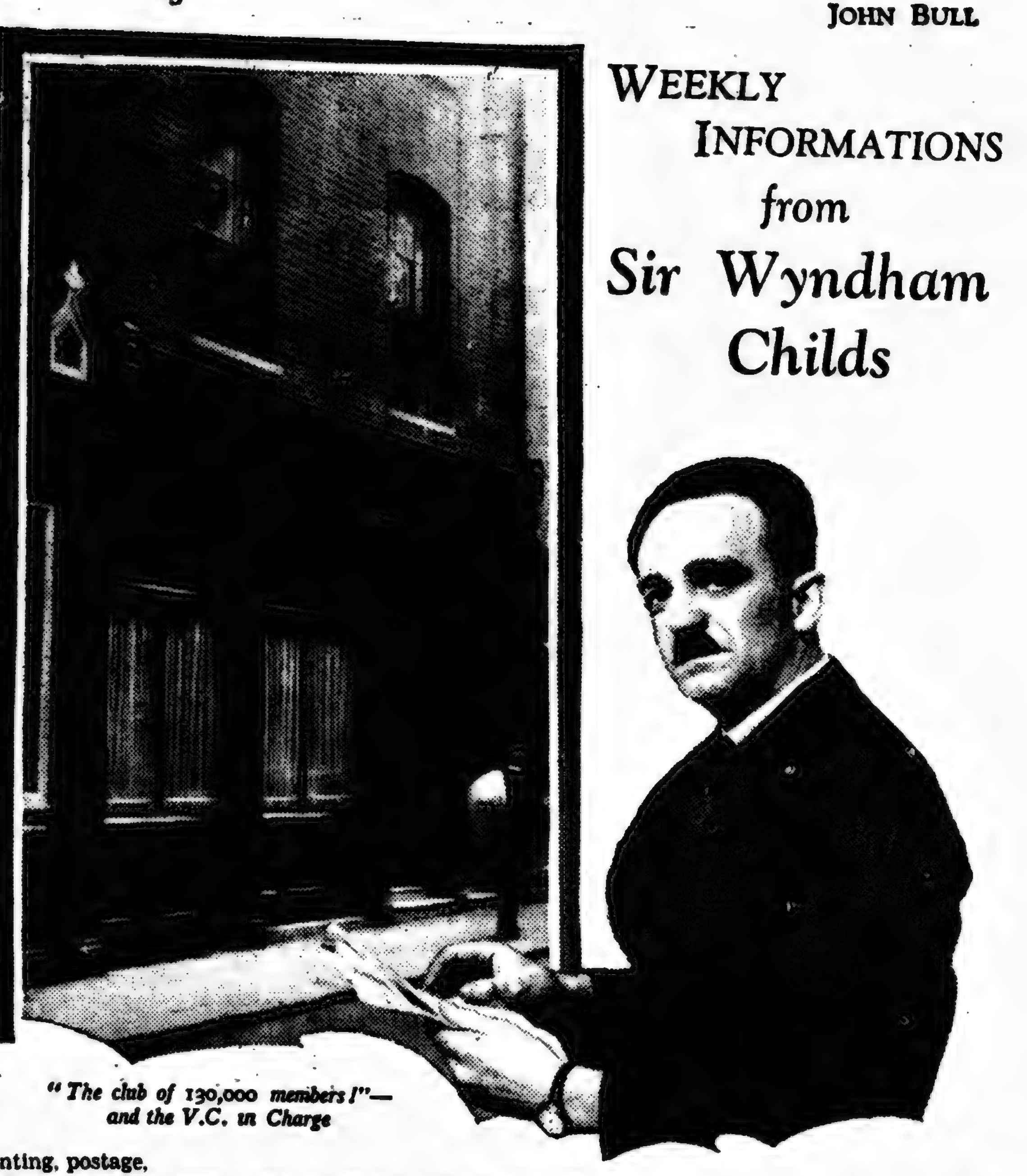
The circular goes on to state that Captain Symons himself had control of only a very small part of the moneys actually received, which he has handed to the firm of solicitors, but “that other members of the committee have handed to Captain Symons a list of expenses incurred, from which it would appear the amounts received by them have been utilised in printing, postage, etc., and other expenses.”

The circular concludes by stating that everything possible is being done to have a proper account taken, and “if there is any balance thereafter a small dividend will be paid to the holders of vouchers which have been sent in, but from present information there is little hope of any such dividend.”

Now I think this is one of the most impudent letters that I have ever read in my life.

The Mayfair Luncheon Club knew perfectly well that the genuine membership of the club was not sufficiently large to make its sweep one of any importance, and it further, with full knowledge, went through the bogus formality of “duly electing” as honorary members of the club 130,000 members of the public who had never even heard of it.

The club stresses the point about the attitude of the present Home Secretary.



“The club of 130,000 members!”—and the V.C. in Charge

Must have known

If the attitude of the Home Secretary in regard to sweepstakes organised amongst the *bonâ fide* members of well-known clubs was known to the Mayfair Club, what did it expect would be his attitude and that of the police authorities in regard to a deliberate attempt to drive a coach and horses through the laws in regard to clubs, and to run an obvious illegal lottery by this method?

Those unfortunate people whose cheques have been cashed and whose money has passed into the coffers of the Mayfair Luncheon Club sweep will possibly receive some of their money back *after the expenses incurred by the Mayfair Luncheon Club have been paid by them,* but there is little hope.

I realise full well that this is a debt of honour, and that if any of those who have lost their money were to attempt to sue in the courts for its recovery the Mayfair Luncheon Club could (and probably would) plead the Gaming Act.

I suggest that the police might well obtain a warrant from a Justice of the Peace and visit this club, with a view to ascertaining whether there is upon the club premises a register of the names and addresses of the “130,000 persons who have been duly elected honorary members” without their knowledge or consent.

Debts of honour

The result of all this sordid business is that the subscribing public are going to pay for the Mayfair Luncheon Club's deliberate attempt to break the law, and it is going to get off scot-free when it should, in my judgment, be prosecuted.

I suggest, with great respect to the Home Secretary, that this club should be struck off the register on the grounds I have indicated.

Apart from this, it is not fit to remain in existence, as it has not paid its debts of honour.

I personally am of opinion that the laws in regard to sweepstakes are ridiculous, and that any man should be free to indulge in one if he wants to.

But the way to deal with objectionable laws is to get them altered—not to break them.

The MAN who Builds on Air

POSING as one of the biggest estate experts and building contractors in the country, William S. Kemp has been touring ound with a rigmarole of yarns about on-existent buildings, and making a andsome income by his deception.

Kemp has numerous aliases, but is artial to using the names of those rominent in estate and building ircles.

In the name of Kemp he arrived a ew days ago at the office of a Watford uilder and decorator. His fashionbly-engraved card dubbed him a aster-builder, of Ware Road, Hertord.

* * *

He explained that he was erecting a umber of houses at Harrow and Radett, and was dissatisfied with the work eing done by the employees of a firm f plasterers to whom he had given a ub-contract.

He had decided, therefore, to disense with their services.

His listener was impressed; more han ever so when Kemp mentioned hat the Watford man had been recomended to him as one known for the uality of his work, and that he would ppreciate an estimate.

The masterly presence of Kemp inspired confidence, and, after a detailed discussion, a contract was duly drawn up and signed.

Kemp departed in a car and high spirits.

* * *

About an hour later he returned to discuss a slight oversight, casually mentioned that he was short of ready money, and equally casually asked for a loan of “a tenner to see him through the day.”

The Watford builder and decorator, delighted with his handsome contract, advanced the money.

Disillusionment came quickly in the wake of the transaction.

Within a few hours he had discovered that Kemp had nothing whatever to do with the construction of the houses he had mentioned.

He also had no right to offer the contract he had signed, the whole caboodle being a tissue of lies.

At Radlett, Kemp brought off a number of clever coups.

In one of his audacious adventures he called upon a publican with the tale that he had just purchased land at Watford.

This, he said, had left him temporarily embarrassed, but it was essential that he should get to the North of England to attend at another land scheme.

The publican, knowing that he had been busily engaged in the locality, readily cashed a cheque for £10. It was duly presented, but returned marked “No account.”

After that the publican realised that Kemp had been busy bamboozling people round and about.

* * *

The cheque in this instance is one from the cheque-book issued a few months ago to a Hertford tradesman.

Kemp actually had the nerve to call at his shop when he was out, brazenly stated that he had been sent to collect the man's cheque-book, and got away with twenty-two blank cheques, which he has since filled in to his own sinister advantage.

Complaints regarding Kemp have been received from all parts of the country, and those in the building trade, as well as tradespeople and their wives, should be on their guard against a scoundrel who, we hope, will soon find himself in a building built at State expense

WHY DO YOU SUFFER FROM SLEEPLESSNESS AND NERVES?

Dr. Cassell's Tablets give certain relief.

Is it because you think it "can't be helped"?—If so, realise that thousands of happy, sparkling "pictures of health"—people you're meeting every day—have written us telling of nights of sleeplessness, long months of "nerves" depression, indigestion, pain—BEFORE THEY STARTED DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS. Before they realised that the *only* sane, sensible, *lasting* cure for nerve and indigestion ills is a *nourishing, comprehensive TONIC.* Mere deadening of symptoms, suppressing immediate pain, never cured anyone. But *no* nervous or digestive complaint can resist the powerful THREEFOLD tonic action of DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS. *Read all about it below!*

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the *Sane, Sure, Scientific* tonic for old, young and those at the change of life.

DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS CONTAIN

YEAST

Dr. Cassell's Tablets contain pure medicinal yeast, specially prepared so as to ensure MAXIMUM content of Vitamins.

Start taking them TO-DAY for PERMANENT relief from:

HEADACHES	**NEURALGIA**
NEURITIS	**INDIGESTION**
BREAKDOWN	**FLATULENCE**
KIDNEY WEAKNESS	**STOMACH TROUBLES**
INSOMNIA	**DEBILITY**

NEURASTHENIA ANÆMIA AND ALL NERVE PAINS

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF TRIPLE TREATMENT?

Triple Treatment is the secret of Dr. Cassell's Tablets success. It means that they act on the *whole* system in THREE DISTINCT WAYS; their 19 special ingredients include:

I. HYPOPHOSPHITES to nourish the NERVES.

II. DIGESTIVE ENZYMES and STOMACHICS to aid APPETITE and DIGESTION.

III. BLOOD NUTRIENTS to enrich the BLOOD STREAM and so carry the vital nutrition to every part of the body.

No wonder Dr. Cassell's Tablets succeed where other tonics fail!

OTHERS HAVE CLAIMED NEW VIGOROUS HEALTH—SO CAN YOU.

SHATTERED NERVES

"My nerves were completely shattered; I suffered from loss of sleep and appetite, and was almost a complete wreck. I tried various advertised remedies, but steadily went from bad to worse; then I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets. The effect of the first box was so marked that I continued taking them, and I am now full of energy and never felt fitter in my life."—Mrs. E. M. Hibbard, 62, 4th Avenue, Manor Park, E.12.

INDIGESTION

"I was a martyr to indigestion for twelve months, with stomach pains and wind, but after taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets for two days I had wonderful relief. After a month's treatment I am entirely cured. They are really excellent."—T. W. Hearn, 78, Westbury Avenue, Wood Green, N.22.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

1/3 and 3/-

1/3 size contains 50 Tablets

GUARANTEE

The makers of Dr. Cassell's Tablets guarantee their purity, safety and medicinal activity. THEY CONTAIN 19 SPECIAL INGREDIENTS and may be given to the youngest child or most delicate invalid without hesitation.

reyds

HOME COMFORTS

CARPETS, Rugs, Lino, Curtains, Tea and Dinner Services, Sheffield Cutlery, Table Cloths, Bedsteads, Bedding, Sheets and Blankets, Sewing Machines, Vacuum Cleaners, Kitchen Requisites, and all Home requirements. Catalogue Free. Dependable quality and Money-Saving Prices. Everything delivered Carriage Paid for small deposit & Easy Monthly Payments. 30 years reputation for honourable trading.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

PILES

Sufferers say there is nothing so good as Man Zan for any case of Piles. Ends maddening irritation at once. Easy to apply, it soothes and heals quickly. Persevere—Man Zan will end YOUR trouble for good. In tubes, 3/-, fitted with special applicator, from all chemists, or direct (in plain wrapper), from manufacturers on receipt of P.O. Free sample sent on application to E. C. De Witt & Co., Ltd. Dept. J.20), Croydon.

A LOVELY DRESS

gives pleasure both to the wearer and her friends. You can dress beautifully without extravagant outlay if you only go the right way about it. Charming Furs, Stylish Costumes, Coats & Frocks, Corsets, Underwear, Hosiery, Dress Lengths, Footwear and all women's dress requirements. Easy Monthly payments. Write for Catalogue and Patterns of anything you want. 30 years character for honourable trading.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

HYGIENIC PICNIC CASES FREE

Good clean, fresh food on a picnic outing is a rare treat for those who, in the ordinary way, cannot afford the usually expensive Picnic Case. This luxury has now been made possible to everyone by the enterprising makers of Black Cat Cigarettes, who have had a Picnic Case specially designed. It is now given in exchange for 250 Black Cat Coupons. See page 4.

£550 AWARDED IN "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD COMPETITION

No. 70.

Correct solutions in Crossword No. 70 were received from the following four competitors, who will, subject to the conditions of the contest, divide the £500, each receiving £125:—

Miss A. Bulmer, 132, Salisbury Road, Wavertree, Liverpool.
Mrs. E. Hall, 29, Bellevue Road, Bournemouth.
J. Mahron, 68, Kashmir Road, Belfast.
Mrs. Maud M. Wyatt, 35, Elmore Back, Elmore, Gloucester.

Solutions containing one error were received from the following 36 competitors, who share the Second Prize of £50, each receiving £1 7s. 10d.:—

Ball, W. F., 28, St. Peter's Rd., Nr. Edmonton, N.9.
Bates, R. A., 61, Sidney Rd., Bootle, Liverpool.
Beattie, J. G., 429, Green St., East Ham, E.6.
Brookes, H., 147, Station St. East, Foleshill, Coventry.
Brown, H., 34, Privilege St., Wortley, Leeds.
Callaghan, H., 10, Brocco St., Sheffield.
Crewe, Miss M., 5, Finchpool Villas, High Rd., Hayes, Middx.
Crossman, J., 23, Lander Rd., Saltash, Cornwall.
Davidson, Mrs., 8, Seymour Ave., Kilwinning, Ayrshire.
Denton, D. G., 17, Kitchener Rd., High Wycombe, Bucks.
Eccles, Mrs., 25, Parkstone Rd., Foleshill, Coventry.
Finney, Miss L., 69, Lancaster St., Blaina, Mon.
Gibbs, M., 580, High Rd., Leytonstone, E.11.
Godel, A. J., La Blanche Pierre, St. Lawrence, Jersey.
Goodacre, Mrs. H., "The Green," East Leake, Nr. Loughborough.
Gray, E., 119, Grimesthorpe Rd., Sheffield.
Harrison, F. L., "Devon House," Mayfield Rd., Ashbourne, Derbys.
Haycock, Mrs. E., 27, Pen-Rhiw Tce., Abercarn, Mon.
Hayward, Miss, 13, South Cliff, Eastbourne.
Hughes, F. T., 14, Clensham Lake, Sutton, Surrey.
Humm, M., Holmbush, St. Austell, Cornwall.
Hunt, R., 90, Victoria St., Longsight, Manchester.
Jenkins, G. R., 197, Bridgend Rd., Maesteg, Glam.
Johnson, R., 11, Henry St., West Gorton, Manchester.
Jordan, J., 8, Union St., Blackburn.
Langley, Mrs. W., Thurso, Caithness.
Leach, Mrs., Hammer Whitchurch, Salop.
Maunders, F., 49, Dalmeny Ave., Norbury, S.W.16.
McGeorge, T., Law, Lanarkshire.
McGrath, W., 5, Cliffe Rd., Crewe.
Morton, W. O., 2, Inglehurst, Broom Lane, Rotherham.
Riddell, J., c/o McMillan, Ben Nevis Tce., Fort William.
Ross, J., 30, Abrach Rd., Inverlochy, Fort William.
Smith, W., 28, Reads Ave., Blackpool.
Swindles, J., 13, Lower John St., Biddulph, Staffs.
Williams, J. E., "Adwy," Sheffield Park Ave., Scunthorpe.

Another £575 X-Word appears on page 36.

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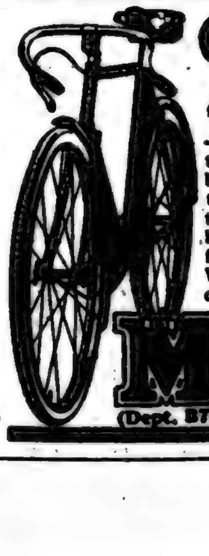

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A TOP-HAT TERROR

*It is up to the new **Public Prosecutor** to act*

WE call the attention of Mr. Tindal Atkinson, the new Public Prosecutor, to two companies, called H. Sommers and Partners, Ltd., and the Estates Finance and Development Syndicate, of Duke Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

The principal director is a Mr. Harry Sommers, who has been ably assisted by two enterprising men named Ernest Currie and J. M. Hanson.

Sommers, although impecunious in November last, was rich in ideas.

A suite of offices on the first floor of the Duke Street address was at that time occupied by a man who decided to go out of business.

Sommers discovered that they were available, and managed to obtain the tenancy from the landlord on the understanding that he would pay his rent in advance and purchase the furniture by instalments.

Thus were the two high-sounding companies—H. Sommers and Partners, Ltd., and the Estates Finance and Development Syndicate—brought to life.

From the start Sommers resolved to do things on a big scale.

When, a short while after his arrival, an old-established firm on the ground floor of the Duke Street building decided to go out of business negotiations were made to rent its offices as well.

It so happened that the firm which had previously occupied this second suite of offices left behind countless bundles of cashed cheques.

There were also numerous discarded files, ledgers and books of no further value.

Sommers, however, saw great value in them and stacked them on the shelves.

The books gave a fine display of prosperity, while the bundles of cheques, which were piled on each stage, face outwards, gave the newly-formed companies an appearance of long standing and prosperity.

To put a finishing-touch to it all Sommers polished up an old hatrack that had been left behind, and "dressed" it with several tall hats which were only moved when it was necessary for them to be dusted.

Meanwhile, advertisements had been inserted for partners.

Those who responded were told, either by Sommers himself or his most plausible assistant, Currie, glowing stories of the vast business that was being done by Sommers and Partners, Ltd., and the Estates Finance and Development Syndicate.

By varying methods—impressive entries and disappearances from one room to another, whispered conversations between the directors about secret but clearly "urgent business" problems—one investor after another was secured for sums ranging from £200 to £500.

Cunning tactics

And all the time practically no business at all was being done.

The investors soon discovered the real position, but their efforts, however speedy, to regain any of their money were quite useless.

The companies were in financial difficulties from the start, and the money was expended in a manner which calls for full explanation, as, although a display was made of the books belonging to the other firm which had gone out of business, no other books or accounts were kept.

In one case a man living at Shooter's Hill was induced to invest £500 after being shown an inspiring profit and loss account which had been hurriedly prepared for the occasion.

It is not surprising that some of the investors, when they realised how sadly they had been imposed upon, went to the Public Prosecutor's office.

But so far no action has been taken.

This is all the more surprising because we have discovered that Sommers has been concerned with numerous dubious businesses during the past few years.

An associate of a notorious rogue who at one time was the king of employment-with-investment swindlers, he has since caught numerous unsuspecting people in his toils.

There is, for instance, an Eltham man who, as far back as 1924, parted with £100 in a business which Sommers was then running in Bride Lane.

The "employment" he got in return for his £100 was negligible, and money in addition has ever since been owing for wages.

Numerous dishonoured cheques which Sommers handed out then are still unredeemed.

The sorry story of H. Sommers and Partners, Ltd., and the Estates Finance and Development Syndicate ended a few weeks ago with the brokers in possession of the Duke Street offices for debt.

Let us tell something of the men who were associated with Sommers at Duke Street.

Currie is a rogue who has already been in jail for a similar kind of swindle.

He once distinguished himself by deserting a girl whom he had betrayed, after obtaining from her mother £300.

Action now?

Currie was dramatically arrested in 1927 on serious charges of fraud just as he was about to go through the marriage ceremony with an aged but wealthy widow.

And what of J. M. Hanson, who is the "baby" of the three?

He has lost two good situations through dishonesty, and became notorious a few months ago for passing dishonoured cheques.

Now that we have presented the Public Prosecutor with all these facts, will he find time to investigate them and bring Sommers—and, if necessary, his associates—to book?

The Galloping MAJOR

LOOKING every inch a British officer and gentleman, a tall, soldierly figure strolled into a Paddington antique-store.

He immediately exhibited the greatest interest in curios of foreign origin and style, talking of them with the knowledge of a connoisseur.

As he casually selected prospective purchases, he began to speak of himself.

He was widely travelled, it appeared. He had spent many years of his life in the East, and it was here that his love for antiques had been born.

His name, he added, was Major A. P. Dupree, and for some years he had been stationed with the Indian Army at Singapore.

He was now home on leave, and as he was shortly retiring from the Service he was making a few suitable purchases for the little "shack" in which he was going to settle down.

The owner of the establishment was fascinated by the major's disarming conversation, replete with gripping anecdotes, and made every endeavour to please so splendid a customer.

When his purchases were completed, and a choice selection of small, but exquisite, vases and other curios had been wrapped in a neat parcel, the major smilingly proffered a cheque for £48.

This amount was far in excess of the bill, but he laughingly explained that he was temporarily short of the "ready," and the shopkeeper gave him the difference in cash.

He now regrets his kindness, for the cheque, drawn on Cox's Bank, was returned, marked "No account."

Nor is this the only cheque of "Major Dupree" that has been similarly dishonoured.

He is not a soldier, let alone a major; he has never seen a day's service in the Indian Army.

One of his most pathetic victims is a woman to whom he made passionate love some time ago while on "six months' leave," promised her marriage, and finally robbed her of her savings, leaving her stranded at a hotel with a big bill to meet.

Kind Words for Crosswords

Everybody has a kind word to say for JOHN BULL Crosswords just now!

This is the third week in the great summer campaign and the first prize has now been increased to £575. Next week this "plum" of the Crossword world will be even bigger and more sweetly tempting.

Turn to page 36 right away and get in on a rising market.

A *Doorstep* SCOUNDREL

A BRIGHT young man is now touring the suburbs with a stock-in-trade of "sob-stuff."

Twenty-five years of age, frail, with a fresh complexion and auburn hair, he utilises the doorsteps of susceptible housewives as a pulpit for a sermon on the milk of human kindness.

He is a collector, he says, for a crippled children's aid society, which has numerous branches and headquarters in London.

Eloquently pleading the cause of the organisation, he mentions that he is devoting the whole of his life to the cause because, as a boy, he was cured of a terrible affliction by a similar one.

Few housewives have the heart to refuse him at least a few coppers, and from many he collects notes. Mothers with children of their own are his pet victims.

A Putney woman, to mention but one of his supporters, readily handed over a subscription, for which she received a receipt signed "pp. J. Murryter."

He presented the woman with a numbered ticket, the counterfoil of which, he explained, would be placed in a "draw" at Selfridge's, the prizes being donated by Mr. Gordon Selfridge himself.

A fortnight later the young man returned and smilingly informed the Putney woman that her "luck was in." Her number had triumphed in the draw, and she was entitled to a cheque for £30.

Unfortunately, however, he had neglected to tell her of a certain formality connected with the competition, but this could be rectified on payment of 10s., which would be refunded to her.

Delighted at her success, the woman handed over the money—and that was the last she ever saw of "Mr. Murryter."

As a matter of fact, there is no such institution as the crippled children's aid society concerned, and Messrs. Selfridge naturally have never had any connection with such a draw.

Both this well-known firm and the Charity Organisation Society have received numerous complaints, and housewives should beware of this audacious doorstep dodger.

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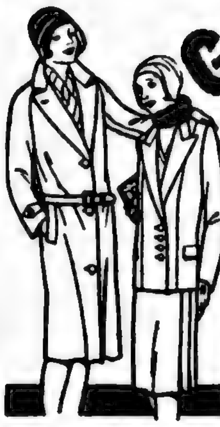

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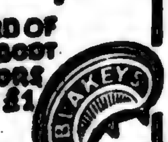

By E. Roffe Thompson

Play the Game on SUNDAY

"Councillor Hall, of Manchester, was carried shoulder-high out of the park"

A SCOTTISH doctor, an old friend of mine, is fond of telling how he and his brother, when little boys, were once found by their mother on a Sunday afternoon sitting with their bare legs so close up to the bars of the fire that the flesh was literally being cooked on their bones.

They were in agony, but they were holding on grimly. "What on earth are you doing?" their mother asked in amazement. "Getting used to it," was the tearful answer.

"Getting used to what?" she demanded. "Hell," was the perfectly serious reply.

They were the days of drawn blinds and complete gloom on Sundays. No laughter, no play; no relaxation of any sort; a day when all the talk was of "sin" and "hell" and "everlasting fires."

Strangled laughter

It was a fine way to make children think of religion as something worth while, something inspiring, something to which to look for guidance.

That was about fifty years ago.

And I see that only the other day the City Fathers of Crewe decided to close the children's paddling-pool.

One of the chief reasons was that "people living near resented the noise of the children's laughter on Sundays." It is hard to credit—but that was what was actually said.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me," said Christ; and He added that if anyone offended one of these little ones it were better that he had a millstone hanged about his neck and that he be drowned.

I think the City Fathers of Crewe must be a little lacking in knowledge of humanity or real Christianity.

At Manchester, the other Sunday, two teams attempted to play cricket in defiance of the City Council's by-law prohibiting organised games in the parks on Sundays.

Councillor Hall, who is leading the movement for Sunday games, was carried shoulder high out of the park by hundreds of enthusiastic supporters.

And, of course, it is all highly reprehensible. Detectives, park-keepers and a large force of constables were on the spot to uphold authorities who decline to remember, or who never knew, that Christ said, "The Sabbath was made for man—and not man for the Sabbath."

Let us come to London and look at a very different picture.

There is a vicar in North London who recognises that he is living in 1930 and not in the superstitious darkness of the Middle Ages. And he talks to the young men and the girls of his parish something like this:

"I know you work hard all the week, and that you want to play tennis and be out in the sunshine and fresh air on Sunday mornings—and I'm blessed if I can see why you shouldn't.

"But you can spare half an hour for a little talk with me first, can't you?

"I'll tell you what—let's have a jolly little service together in the church before you start playing.

"Come in your flannels, bring your rackets with you, and as soon as we have finished, off you go and enjoy yourselves."

It has the backing of real understanding and real humanity. It is robust and genuine.

And it has met with an immediate and hearty response from the young people concerned. These "tennis services" are packed.

The time has come when the Church should consider very seriously this:

These are not days when anyone can persuade youth that there is any "wickedness" in healthy exercise, in sunshine and in fresh air.

Youth is logical and clearsighted to-day. It refuses to regard Sunday as anything but an artificial date on a calendar, and it interprets "rest" to mean relaxation and not boredom.

Moreover, it is apt to be a bit rude to those who prohibit parks and commons on the one day in the week when people really have leisure to play.

It points cynically at crowded golf-courses, at the river and the seaside. It wants to know the exact degrees of wickedness involved in playing tennis in a public park and in a private garden.

Evil distinction

It wants to know why a Rolls-Royce is Sabbatarian, while a charabanc is born of the devil, and why, if a cricket-bat smells strongly of brimstone, a baseball-bat—say at Stamford Bridge—has a halo round it.

And it doesn't bother to wait for the answer; it goes out and risks eternal damnation by worshipping God in its own way. I wonder if the Bishops now assembled at Lambeth ever thought of it in this way?

To anyone who knows the Continent it is rather strange to hear fervent hopes that England will never be allowed to establish "the Continental Sunday."

Why on earth not? For the Continental Sunday consists of mass attendance at church in the morning and wholesome exercise and enjoyment in the afternoon.

If the English churches were as full on Sunday mornings as are those of the Continent there would not be the perturbation there is among the clergy. The rigid Sabbatarians forget that, I think.

Oh! so wicked

For are we really asked to believe that there are degrees of Christianity? Is religion in France a different thing from religion in England?

Are the Christians in Crewe more righteous than the Christians of Bruges?

It is not the consistency of orthodox Christianity I object to; it is its glaring inconsistency. Such simple faith as I have cannot swallow its amazing contradictions.

It is all very puzzling, and I should dearly like to hear some eminent divine trying to explain why it is wicked for little children to play cricket on Sunday in the only playground many of them know, the public parks, but entirely righteous for anyone who can afford it to play golf in the seclusion of a private club.

I should equally love to hear city councillors explain why they forbid games in the parks on Sundays, but allow bands to play; why they allow kinemas to open, but refuse to allow theatres to do the same.

It is still, I believe, a punishable offence to whistle on Sundays. It is certainly a very grave offence for there to be any assemblies or concourses of people out of their own parishes for any sports and pastimes whatever.

The Sunday Observance Act of 1625 has never been repealed and is still the law of the land—but we all conspire to ignore it, just as we conspire to ignore the Act of 1780 which states.

"Any house, room or other place which shall be opened or used for public entertainment or amusement . . . and to which persons shall be admitted by payment of money or by tickets sold for money, shall be deemed a disorderly house or place."

The Albert Hall—and Kreisler! The Queen's Hall—and Sir Henry Wood!

Anyone who likes can call me irreligious or even anti-religious. I don't mind, because it isn't true.

First do this

I believe that a man's soul is all the better for being housed in a healthy body, and I am all in favour of those who believe that God's sunshine is as valuable to their spiritual life as a man-made church.

When we have so organised life and work as to assure to everyone ample leisure and enjoyment it will be time enough to talk about rigid Sabbatarianism.

Until then, there are some people—even in the Church itself—whose conscience should bid them hold their tongues.

The Human Machine

And We Could, Too!

NONE of us knows what he can do if he really tries. Sir Joseph Ward, twice Prime Minister of New Zealand, who has just died, was born in Ireland of humble origin. He had to earn his own living the moment he left school, but had made a fortune by the time he was twenty-five.

Or, if you are feeling discouraged, look at Miss E. Hope-Lucas, of Cambridge. Her life has been spent in a spinal carriage, but for years she has supported herself by her own labours. The other day she was awarded the Golden Cross, the highest award in the beaten-leather section at the British Handicrafts Exhibition in London.

Or if you think that luck comes to some and passes others by—particularly you—think of Mr. Thomas Goulding, an omnibus-driver of East Ham, whose four children have gained scholarships and gone on to continue their education at secondary schools.

The people who get on are those who refuse to be daunted by difficulties, who have faith in themselves and who are willing to work.

We may not be born equal, but we can mostly become equal if we have enough grit and enough optimism.

"For while the loitering idler waits
Good luck beside his fire,
The bold heart storms at fortune's gates
And conquers its desire."

Fortune neither hurts us nor does us good; we are what we make ourselves. We have all the world to play with. If we refuse to play, whose fault is it?

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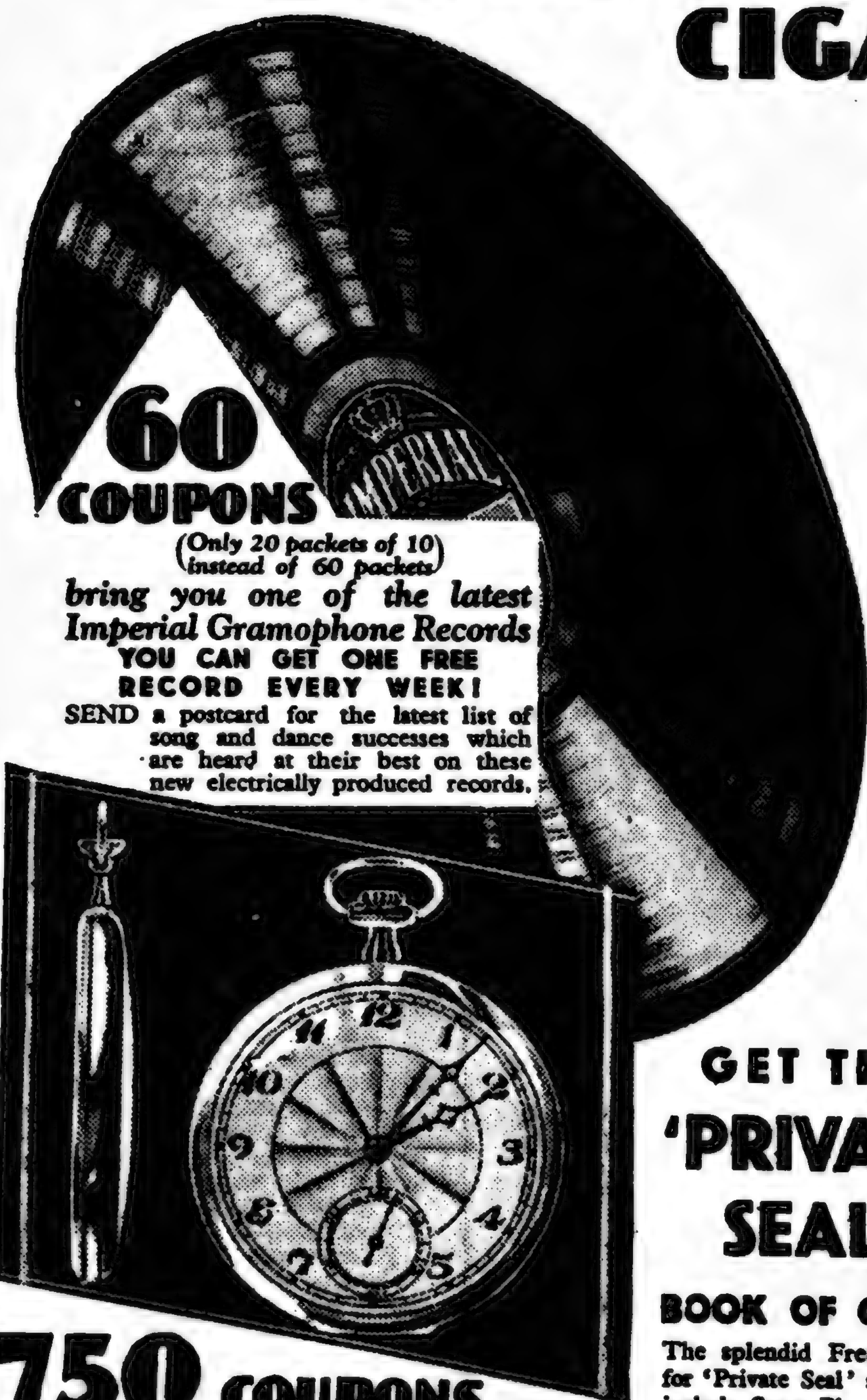

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Heartless BAN on CRIPPLES

A Magician in Manacles

Mr. Kennard and a typical little girl patient at his London clinic. 2,000 cases have been treated without charge in about eighteen months.

AS moving a human spectacle as can anywhere be seen is to be witnessed any Friday afternoon at the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, London, where Mr. Albert Edward Kennard, the eminent bone-setter, whose cures rival those of Sir Herbert Barker, conducts a free clinic for the benefit of the crippled poor.

A boiler-maker by trade, Mr. Kennard exercises a control amounting to genius over human bones and joints. How he does it, he cannot himself tell.

Recently, he was offered £6,000 if he could teach someone else to reproduce his miracles of healing; but it was impossible, and the money was refused.

Doctors are baffled by his phenomenal successes. It would be unfair to say that they begrudge him his well-earned fame, but the rules of the General Medical Council forbid them to associate themselves with a practitioner who does not possess the recognised medical diplomas.

Girl not "hopeless"

AT the City Temple clinic, therefore, no anæsthetic can be given, since no doctor dare attend for the purpose. If the necessary operations are painful, as they sometimes are, the patients must put up with it.

If cures can be achieved only by severe manipulation, entailing pain beyond conscious endurance, then cripples who could be cured must remain cripples still.

Common humanity suggests that it is time the Medical Council reconsidered its attitude towards Mr. Kennard, who asks nothing more than to be allowed to continue and extend his beneficent work among the halt and lame.

The wonders he is working, even under present handicaps, must be seen to be believed.

A fourteen-year-old girl had been unable to use her left arm for two years. The elbow-joint had stiffened and the muscles were atrophying from disuse.

At the hospital they could do nothing for her, the cause of the trouble being so obscure that the surgeons had no remedy to suggest.

It is in these so-called "hopeless" cases that the intuition of the great bone-setter triumphs. First a gentle fingering of the fettered joint, then a sudden wrench, painless, apparently, in this case, and the prisoned arm is free.

Tremulously, the surprised girl clasps her two hands above her head. Smiling her gratitude, speechless with astonishment, her mother takes her away.

At birth a child's hand was a mere huddled deformity, no fingers separately distinguishable, a useless appendage, paralysed, inert. Save amputating it as an unsightly nuisance, substituting an artificial hand, orthodox surgery had nothing to suggest.

By patient manipulation over a long period Mr. Kennard has unravelled the twisted sinews, giving the poor child a useful hand with five separate fingers of normal shape.

With the hand the bone-setter has given her, she laughingly grips his own.

What harm could be done to the profession of medicine if this unique talent, which no surgeon in the land can emulate, were recognised by the General Medical Council?

Is it better that cripples sent away from hospitals as incurable should go through life on crutches than that they should be enabled to walk by a man who writes no medical degrees after his name?

The authorities of the City Temple Church, the leading Congregational place of worship in London, after the fullest investigation, recognising the inestimable value of Mr. Kennard's services to the poor, have placed every possible facility at his disposal.

What benefit does the General Medical Council confer upon the public by holding jealously aloof, refusing such minor assistance as the giving of anæsthetics by doctors, and so in many cases preventing the bone-setter, whose record is one of unexampled success, from setting lame people on their feet again?

Formerly, as well as at the City Temple, Mr. Kennard had free clinics at Port Talbot and at Cardiff. Both have been closed.

Iron-hand rule

AT such a distance from London it was impossible to exercise the constant supervision necessary in difficult cases, and it would have been an infringement of medical etiquette for any local doctor to watch an arm or leg which had been handled, however successfully, by an "unqualified" man.

As regards anæsthetics, the doctors take an arbitrary line. If a well-to-do patient wants Mr. Kennard's services, and can afford £5 5s. for a qualified anæsthetist, the General Medical Council does not explode in anger.

But it would be a scandal, of course, if a qualified medical practitioner attended publicly at a free clinic, without a fee, to enable a boiler-maker to do what no living surgeon could achieve.

So the South Wales centres are closed, while even the City Temple clinic is robbed of half its usefulness to the poor.

Can no way out be found which would at once save the dignity of the doctors, and place the bone-setter's services once again at the disposal of patients to whom orthodox surgery has brought no relief?

At Port Talbot there was a poor fellow bent nearly double through some rheumatoid affection, walking almost rectangularly, instead of erect.

From a careful examination Mr. Kennard, whose diagnosis is seldom, if ever, at fault, was convinced that if pain could be eliminated he could straighten the twisted body, completely and lastingly, at a single operation.

But there was no doctor to give the chloroform. Unable to help the cripple, the medical profession nevertheless refused to help the bone-setter.

Boiler-maker magician

SURELY this is an intolerable position. For the sake of a hidebound medical tradition, out of deference to the authority of the General Medical Council, a man must walk doubled up for life, never looking a fellow-creature in the face.

With downcast expression, a young man called at one of the Welsh clinics, limping on crutches, straight from the hospital out-patients' department.

The doctors were going to amputate his leg from the knee. A keen footballer, he had met with an injury while playing, and the limb, they said, would be useless for life.

This man walked out of the clinic cured, leaving his crutches behind. He has never needed them since.

And this is the sort of work that has been stopped, because it was a boiler-maker who worked the miracle while the surgeons were sharpening their knives.

At the City Temple Mr. Kennard has successfully treated over 2,000 malformations and injuries since the opening of the clinic there in February, 1929.

At Port Talbot last year he dealt with 336 cases and at Cardiff with 236, while before the clinic was closed, last March, 286 cases were dealt with this year at Port Talbot.

In no single instance was the smallest fee charged. Often splints and bandages were supplied free.

This boiler-maker genius, whose heart is aflame with sympathy for the working people from whom he sprang, wants no honours or dignities.

All he asks for is that the value of his work should be recognised by the General Medical Council, as it is by scores of individual doctors who have watched him with admiring wonder, and would gladly help him if they dared.

The TRA

B

Uneasy Sleepers of Summer

In the line for Miss Baxter's free cafe on the Embankment

A pathetic pair—the cripple and the woman with the pram

Night—on the Embankment

WHAT would you do if you found yourself stranded in London, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool—any of the big cities—without a penny and without a home?

Has it ever occurred to you that you might find yourself in a dreadful plight?

Probably you have not given the matter a serious thought. Probably you will say that this is a Christian country, and that the spectacle of destitute persons sleeping on the pavements in the heart of London is a nightmare belonging to the past.

People who don't know the truth say: "There is a Poor Law which has been made foolproof. There are the Salvation Army, the Church Army, and similar organisations, and so there is no need for anyone to sleep out in the streets for lack of shelter."

Is this true?

Something rotten

The other night I found myself stranded in London after my last train had gone. So I decided to explore, and to see for myself whether conditions had improved since I last explored London's night some years ago.

What I saw staggered me, and leads me to redouble my efforts in making known a state of affairs which should awaken the national conscience to the need of an immediate enquiry into the whole problem.

Not only London, but Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh—in fact, every big town of this great country of ours—presents the same heartening spectacle of destitute men and women lying out upon the streets at night, unfed and half-clothed.

There is surely something rotten in the state of society which permits night after night such scenes as I witnessed under the very shadow of the monuments and buildings which stand for greatness and great-heartedness.

We boast in our cities of our public squares and municipal buildings, and we invite the world to come and see. Yes; *but in the daytime*. . . . .

A look round

Let these people come at night, when the workaday world is as stilled as the conscience of the country which permits such a disgraceful and distressing problem to go unsolved.

Let me give you the opportunity of accompanying me round on this amazing quest through the city of London. Possibly we shall also be able to see what is happening in other great centres of the country.

I left Cleopatra's Needle, on the Thames Embankment, as Big Ben was striking midnight.

Already some of the army of the submerged had left the theatres, where, here and there, it was possible to pick up a copper or two running for cabs.

Those who had been fortunate made their way to the coffee-stalls. Others dejectedly took up their positions on the seats and parapets of the Embankment.

But don't run away with the idea that the Embankment tells the whole story of London's submerged.

In a dark corner of Constitution Hill—hard by Buckingham Palace—I found the huddled forms of scores of men and women. They looked like corpses, dead to the world.

Paper "sheets"

The scene was a little different as I walked from Trafalgar Square, through the Mall, towards Buckingham Palace, veering to the right towards Hyde Park Corner.

From one end to the other I saw human forms lying on the damp grass, and observed the pitiful ingenuity of each to escape from the worst terrors of their homeless condition.

Some fortunate ones, for instance, used a sheet of paper as protection from the dampness of the grass. Others would use papers as blankets. Some who were footsore merely tied the paper round their feet.

Many lay close to the low railings, and it looked for all the world as if they were asleep in a one-sided cot.

Suddenly, I noticed two policemen rousing the slumberers, and a feeling of intense indignation came over me.

Surely, I thought, it was the height of stupidity and cruelty to arouse these homeless and destitute creatures from their temporary state of oblivion.

The very least, you would think, authority would permit would be to leave them in such peace as they could obtain.

Hungry and without a bed, what were they to do?

I asked the police, and they told me that a quarter of an hour's walk away—near Charing Cross—was the Metropolitan Asylums Board Shelter, which provided for such men and women.

So I went to Charing Cross to find out for myself.

First of all, there was a Scotsman arguing that he was entitled to a bed, which apparently he had been refused.

"Jock" showed me his credentials—an insurance card—and, what was more to the point, a pair of sparkling eyes set in a not unhandsome face.

He had been given the alternative of sleeping on the Embankment, and he made such a song about it that, as the policeman informed me, he was on the point of being run in. At any rate, he would find shelter for the night in his cell.

To tell the truth, however, "Jock" admitted to having been treated to "just one half-pint" by a friend, besides which he had asked for a bed after two o'clock, and apparently men are not expected to want a bed after that hour.

In the crypt

But what a good many do, I saw in going over to St. Martin's Church, in Trafalgar Square, where seven or eight men waited for admittance outside the door of the crypt. One or two more lay outside fast asleep.

After knocking, I was admitted by the uniformed woman attendant, and heard her cross-examining the applicants for shelter.

"Where did you sleep last night? Have you been here before? Have you no money?"

Downstairs in the crypt most of the benches were occupied as if it were an ordinary lodging-house.

A man upstairs who had been refused admittance had no right when he bitterly pointed out that the notice outside the church had said that any passer-by could pray and rest *at any time*.

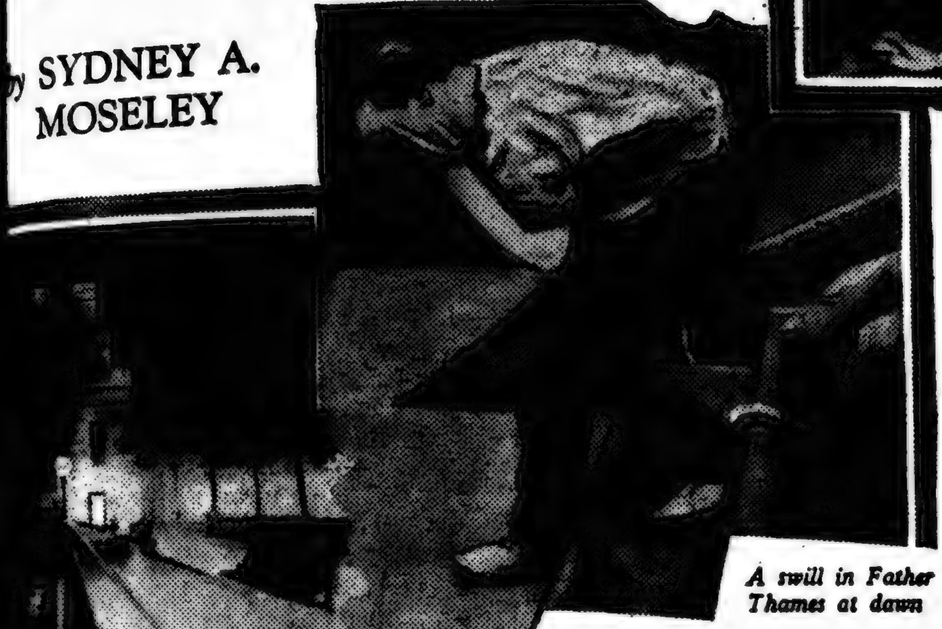
Fortunately, he hadn't seen the inscription on the alms-box downstairs, "Help the ever-open door." Of course, the door is not for ever open, otherwise there would be no room to shut.

Who are these men and women of the pavements of London? I spoke to several. One was a

IC
D-FELLOW

y SYDNEY A.
MOSELEY

For they have no other bed to rest in



A swill in Father Thames at dawn

The author, Mr. Sydney Moseley

'Varsity man, who told me a strange story.

"I came up to London for a short holiday from Reading. Someone stole my pocket-book with the return-ticket, and I have had to obtain what shelter I could among the down-and-outs."

Unfortunately for him, the story of the lost pocket-book is by no means uncommon.

I naturally asked him why he hadn't wired to Reading. He said he had, and the money would come in due course. Obviously, one of the mysterious, unfathomable elements of London's underworld.

What will become of such a man of refinement and education, collarless, penniless, and living among the most degraded of the gutter world?

"He will go the way of some of the young boys from the provinces," a social worker said to me. What this meant I soon found out.

There comes straggling into London an army of youths from the provinces, and particularly from South Wales. These boys have been told stories of London's prosperity, and the fable has spread in a curious fashion.

It seems that one or two boys who came and found themselves stranded felt too humiliated to write home and tell of their heart-breaking experiences.

In their false pride they have written of good jobs and decent employment.

Naturally the story went round the villages; others followed suit—walked all the way to London to find disillusionment and starvation.

The immediate danger is that some of the prowling crooks are trying to make tools of these lads.

The people of the provinces and South Wales should take this warning, for what I have written is the truth.

Tragic arches

London's official dormitories are the arches in Villiers Street, Strand, where I found a consumptive waiter asleep; Trafalgar Square, under the shadow of the man who fought for England's greatness; and around Covent Garden—where, by the by, a restaurant which once gave shelter to these destitute men and women until three o'clock in the morning is now closed.

His bed of stone

What shocked me most of all was a scene which, so far as I know, has never before been described.

I refer to the long line of men actually sleeping on the pavements of Bayswater Road, facing the big houses.

The scene baffles description.

Men, women, boys and girls, scattered on the pavement and on seats, absolutely uncared for, in one of the richest streets of the great city of London.

What is such a crying scandal is not the ignorance and indifference of authority to such of our unfortunate fellow-creatures, *but the amazing incapacity and disorganisation that exists in relation to this dire problem.*

Overlapping everywhere—people ready to support genuine cases of distress would be shocked to find that in many instances they are merely supporting a business rather than charity.

I went to the Church Army, and although the entrance was well lighted and I was greeted by two cats, there was nobody in the porter's lodge to welcome me. Instead, there was the grim notice, "No beds to let."

Here, I ascertained, they have some 125 beds, and, just as in the case of the neighbouring Salvation Army hostel, many of these beds are occupied by casuals who are sent there by the Metropolitan Asylums Board.

It is a queer business altogether. Tragic, too.

Live in hope

I counted over four hundred destitute people in a few of the West End thoroughfares. Obviously, you will ask, as I asked myself, Why don't they bombard the Metropolitan Asylums Board?

The answer is that a good many of these people live in hopes of finding work, and if they enter a casual-ward they are kept there all day long.

The number of organisations increase and overlap. Lack of co-ordination results in waste and injustice.

A woman who had come over from India in a pathetic search for her husband, believing in some way or other that London was as easy to search as a village, found her money gone, but found no husband. That woman had to find her way to the St. Martin's crypt.

There appears to be no clearing-house, as they have abroad, which would have dealt with this woman's case and saved her from humiliation and degradation.

A youth whom I found along the Embankment, well dressed but without money, told me he had missed his ship and that he wasn't going to write home to tell his parents of the miserable scrape he was in.

I told him of organisations that might help him. He was absolutely ignorant of them.

So are scores of others. They walk from place to place, stopping people in the street, and with a hopeless gesture declare they don't know where to go for help.

Yet I was able to refer these people to dozens of places which are supported by the public for these special purposes.

It is utterly indefensible that there is not some business-like method of dealing with such cases.

What is the use of dealing with them *after* they have fallen so low that they commit a crime and are sent to jail?

A cockeyed way

The organisation to deal with men *after* they have committed crime is far more perfected than these charitable institutions that ought to keep these men *out* of prison.

It is not only un-Christian, but absurdly out of date, that a man should be penalised for having "no visible means of subsistence."

If the authorities are unable to deal successfully with this problem, the very least they can do is to permit these human dregs of misery to find what shelter they can in the open.

I cannot get out of my mind the inhuman spectacle of the police digging their toes gently into the men and women who had found a little rest by the wayside.

What harm were they doing?

I am not blaming the police. They were merely carrying out orders of those higher up—those who, you may be certain, have never seen the problem at first-hand as I did.

The police deal kindly with the genuine article, although they are fully alive to the systematic scrounger who has made a profession of vagrancy, and battens on the badly-run, but well-meaning, benevolent institutions.

What says the Church Army, or the Salvation Army?

What defence have the advocates of our Poor Law system?

Shame on it

After five hours of this almost unbelievable spectacle, I thought:

No man should ever express a view on internal politics unless he has seen these things, and certainly no candidate for Parliament should be able to qualify for admission to the House without being able to answer the following questions:

Is this depth of human degradation avoidable?

If not, why not?

If avoidable, what is the remedy?

What Lord Rosebery said in 1864 doesn't matter; what these poor wretches are saying to-day does.

If you seek a new and real pleasure you should not let this evening pass without testing a Manikin.

Manikins are a pleasure well within the reach of all—they cost but 2d. each—outlast many Cigarettes, and their nutty, Mild-Havana-Flavour will ensure you an evening's enjoyment.

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The Whole-Time HEN

Great Egg Cackle

THE biggest cackle the poultry world has ever known begins on Tuesday, when the Duke of York will start thousands of men talking about millions of hens in a score of different languages.

Delegates from over sixty countries have been attracted by the great Poultry Congress to the Crystal Palace, which will seem, for the occasion, more like Jollity Farm.

They have been pouring steadily into this country from five continents. Canada and the United States alone have sent a thousand. A liner was specially chartered to bring them.

And the British hen has rallied to the occasion by working overtime. In the last twenty-two months it has laid an extra three million eggs. It has even laid them cheerfully by the electric light of artificial dawns.

Bigger and bigger

Although the congress was originally inspired by British influences, this is the first time that it has been held in this country.

It was held at The Hague in 1921, at Barcelona in 1924, and at Ottawa in 1927. But the coming Crystal Palace assembly promises to eclipse them all in size, interest and progress.

Ten days will be devoted to the proceedings. There will be discussions in the mornings, excursions in the afternoons, and a round of gay social events in the evenings.

A reception by the Lord Mayor of London (Sir William Waterlow) and a grand concert conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham are but two of the magnificent diversions arranged.

The holding of the congress in this country coincides with a period when the British egg industry is a model for the world. The British hen has now no peer, and its "new-laids" are unrivalled.

Our egg harvest is bigger, comparatively, than our grain crop. The British poultry industry circulates £50,000,000 a year, and the figure is still on the increase.

No one could accurately give the number of hens in this country. Apart from the millions of birds on the poultry and orthodox farms, there is a huge "back-garden" population owned by the amateur.

Makes work

There are countless aspects to this great national industry, creating extensive employment and the circulation of money.

There are the breeders, for instance, the dealers in chicks and hatching eggs, the testing experts, who are as diligent over their stock as many a racehorse-breeder.

There are the manufacturers of poultry-houses. Incubators are a trade of their own. They can be obtained from £5 to £100 and over.

The great post-war illusion that poultry-farming is a gamble and does not pay has been smashed. But there is still a large section of the public that is deceived.

The financial collapse of many ex-Servicemen who invested their gratuities in poultry-farms after the war is, to a large extent, to blame.

Many of these men, with little or no knowledge of the game, imagined that it was an easy life with easy money. As a matter of fact, there is scarcely another occupation that demands so much untiring zeal.

The successful poultry-farmer must be up early and late. He must work seven days a week and fifty-two weeks in the year.

On the training-farm for girls—two merry young "mothers" of enormous broods

Come what may, foul weather or fine, the birds must be properly and adequately fed and watered at hours that are invariably inconvenient. Eggs must be collected. The odds and ends of the job take hours.

The dabbler is doomed. And it was for this reason that the "I think I'll run a little poultry farm" man went under.

This is the sort of thing that happened:

Just after the war the Government had a poultry training-farm down in Hampshire. The men were paid 50s. a week, with allowances for their families, and had a splendid opportunity of mastering their job.

But what happened?

Hens are obstinate

One day the superintendent of the farm had a visit from a deputation representing the men with the ultimatum that they would not work after five o'clock.

Unfortunately, hens won't fall in with easy hours like that.

The truth is that poultry-farming was and is a good living for those not afraid of work. There are many in this country who have made small fortunes out of it.

We know of two earnest young men who a few years ago were earning a paltry £3 a week between them.

By sheer, hard grind they have built up a poultry-farm which allows them a couple of cars and a country house apiece.

As an example of the size of several of the great poultry-farms in this country, we may mention one in Kent. It occupies over 350 acres and employs a staff of fifty.

Out To-day!
"JOHN BULL"
HOLIDAY
ANNUAL
68 pages for Sixpence

There are between thirty and forty thousand hens, and the egg harvest annually exceeds two millions.

Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire are flourishing poultry-centres, while Kent and Surrey are making rapid progress.

The Surrey County Council is doing much to encourage the industry, and its example might well be followed by other bodies, many of which seem intent only on injuring it.

In many areas the small, private poultry-keeper is penalised. By-laws and estate regulations debar him from keeping hens at all, though the suggested nuisance is exaggerated.

This is considered to be a matter in which Dr. Addison, the new Minister of Agriculture, who will be present at the congress, might intervene to advantage.

The British egg has no peer in the world. And it is still improving. It is even growing bigger, and the national-mark system has had a splendid effect on quality.

The British farmer is turning more and more to poultry. He realises now that a flock of poultry will yield him more profit than a herd of cows.

At one time the chickens were the concern of the farmer's wife. They were her side-line, and the farmer left them to her entirely. All this is changed, and will change more in the future.

False-dawn betrayal

The British farmer is a wide-awake man and eager to keep abreast of the times.

Such devices as incubators are, of course, in general use, and the laying hen is cunningly persuaded to work what amounts to an eight-day week by the use of electric light, which makes an earlier dawn and extends the evening daylight.

This clever innovation was first devised by Mr. John Hart, general manager of a London periodical, and now enjoys great and widespread popularity.

Many a hen has been deceived by the wicked glare of an electric-light bulb.

The delegates to the congress will make widespread tours of British farms and will make a thorough study of British methods.

They will certainly find more than enough to cackle about in congress.

"Shall I risk it . . ? the light's none too good . .!"

Yes! You can risk it—if you have Kodak film in your camera. Kodak film is eager for the picture. Strives for it. Will get it if it can be got. By the latitude it has, Kodak film can take all the changes it gets. Latitude—the maximum sensitivity to all degrees of bad light and good. Latitude—the difference between a snap or no snap. Latitude—the difference between a clear snap and a foggy snap. Kodak film — the film that has latitude. Use Kodak film—to be sure.

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1,000 men told us what they wanted in the ideal shaving preparation before we turned out a single tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream.
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5 Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

When we started to introduce Palmolive Shaving Cream we advertised DON'T BUY NOW.

Instead we urged men to try it first. Millions did. And, our records show, 87 men out of every 100 who made the test adopted Palmolive permanently.

Try it for yourself

Send for a 7-shave tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream—we feel you'll be convinced it's the finest shaving preparation you've ever tried. Settle all doubt by using the coupon. Now—before you forget!

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After-Shave Talc. Takes away that after-shave shine, but does not show on the face

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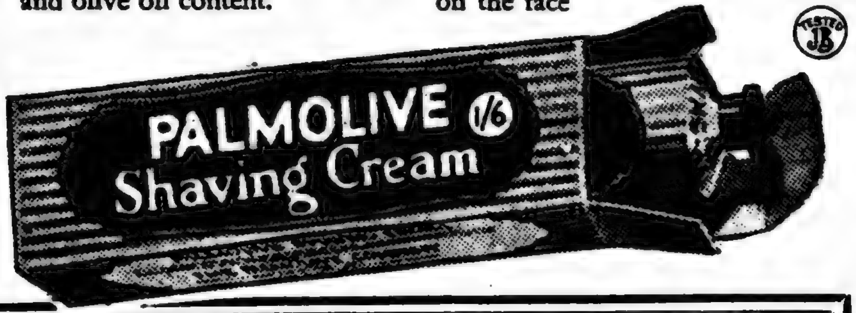

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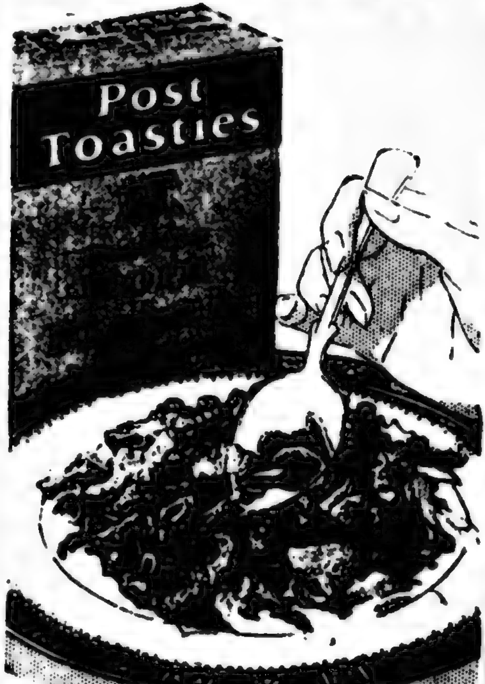

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Post MADE IN CANADA
Double Crisp Toasties
INDIAN CORN FLAKES

Post Toasties are one of the Post Products, which include Grape-Nuts, Postum and Post's Bran Flakes

Those SEASIDE LANDLADIES

by Lady Neish

A BUYER at a well-known shop was telling me the other day that she was sick and tired of landladies and that this year she and her friend were determined to take a holiday far away from "Sea View" tyranny.

They were going to stay at home, she said. On five days of the week they would go out and about, up the river, by motor-coach into the country, a sea-trip to Margate or Clacton. Each night they would return, and for the remaining two days have a real rest in the garden.

* * *

I do not wish to be unfair to the host of motherly beings at the seaside whose guests hold them in real affection and return to them year after year. But there are black sheep.

Apart from bad cooking, lack of hot water and unaccountable "extras," these landladies make holidays unspeakably miserable by petty tyranny

In one case, two little children were debarred from the garden while their mother was washing out little garments (with tepid water) and mending rents and tears.

The landlady deeply resented the fact that one day kippers were to be cooked for tea, although mother said she would go out to supper to level up things.

Hot water was scarce, at times unobtainable, and restrictions of every kind were imposed.

Too many landladies resent a lodger remaining in the house all the morning, or even during the afternoon.

The lodgers must go out, all day and every day. If it pours with rain they must sit in the shelter, but they must not go home on any account.

And what about the landladies' side of the bargain?

Visitors are sometimes very trying. Children romp about and break things, and write on the wall with coloured pencils, and "jam" the furniture, and scream in the garden.

But the landlady has her remedy. She can remove all articles of real value. She can cover any valuable tables with oilcloth. She may even have to have a cheap, new paper on her sitting-room.

* * *

The charge for lodgings at some small, ill-furnished, poorly-equipped seaside lodging-houses is from three to six guineas per week for three, or only two, rooms; very little attendance, vile cooking, pursed-up lips and endless restrictions.

The landladies have had it their own way for many years, but now that camping-out can be easily arranged and charabancs offer untold comforts and novelty, they must look to their sadly shrivelling laurels.

Let them give value for money; they have a few, roomy cans ready fill with really hot water; remove ornaments if children are comin cover the top of the beloved "wh not" or best chest of drawers; soap drawers so that they open and easily, and put a few wedges in rooms for windows on windy nights

Let there be a little note-pa handy, a spare pencil or two, and decent readiness to cook a little bit something hot for supper occasionally

* * *

A pleasant smile in exchange for looks and a willingness to let visit stay in and rest if they wish is needed.

To-day's holiday-makers dema comfort, efficiency, no restrictions, a real good time—and they will where they can get it, or stay at ho

£250 for YES OR NO

MUST BE WON—NO ENTRY FEE—WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

FOLLOWING an interval of over twenty years, food-taxes, as part of a policy of protection of the home industries, have become a big political issue.

Before the war, the country rejected them emphatically at the polls.

What would happen now if a General Election was fought on Protection, with taxes on foreign food, or there was a separate ballot of the electors, in the form of a referendum, as is proposed by the Conservative Party?

None can say. The political experts are completely in the dark.

We are taking a referendum of JOHN BULL readers now. It will clear the air. You are asked to record your vote on Coupon A opposite.

JOHN BULL being an independent paper, its net sale of 1,400,000 is absolutely representative.

If the majority of JOHN BULL voters is for foreign food taxes, we can assume that the country as a whole favours a reversal of the fiscal policy. If our majority is against, then Free Trade is still favoured by the electorate.

To add interest to the referendum we are offering £250 to the reader who most nearly estimates the number of voters who would be in favour of Protection, with foreign food taxes, were this a straight issue at a General Election.

At the last election 22,639,117 people went to the poll.

How many, in your opinion, would have voted for foreign food taxes?

The winning number will be calculated by the result of the JOHN BULL ballot. We shall take the percentage of our readers' votes in favour of the taxes.

Fill up the two coupons now and post them as directed. Your vote may have a big effect on the future policy of the country.

All estimates must be written in ink and in figures (not words) and made on the coupons taken from JOHN BULL. One X only may be made on the Voting coupon. Each competitor is allowed ONE entry only.

Any coupon upon which an alteration has been made or which arrives after the closing date (first post, July 30) will be disqualified.

The sum of £250 will be paid to the competitor or competitors from whom is received the correct or most nearly correct forecast of the number of electors in favour of Taxes on Foreign Food.

This figure will be decided by the Editor in accordance with the proportion of votes cast in the JOHN BULL Referendum.

In the event of a tie the prize will be equally divid

The £250 must be won—there is no entrance fee.

No individual's vote on any Voting Coupon will disclosed, not even that of the winner.

No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor the delay, loss or non-delivery of any coupon. Pr of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery receipt.

No correspondence will be entered into.

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final legally binding.

No claims from competitors are required in th contest, as all entries received will be carefully examined by our staff. Results will appear in Jo BULL as soon as possible after the closing date.

Each Competitor is allowed one entry only.

VOTING COUPON

If you are in favour of Taxes on Foreign Food put your X here— ☐

I am in favour of Taxes on Foreign Food.

If you are NOT in favour of Taxes on Foreign Food put your X here— ☐

I am NOT in favour of Taxes on Foreign Food.

Only one X must be placed on this Coupon.

A
SIGNED ....
ADDRESS (in Block Letters) ....

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(Write clearly in figures.)

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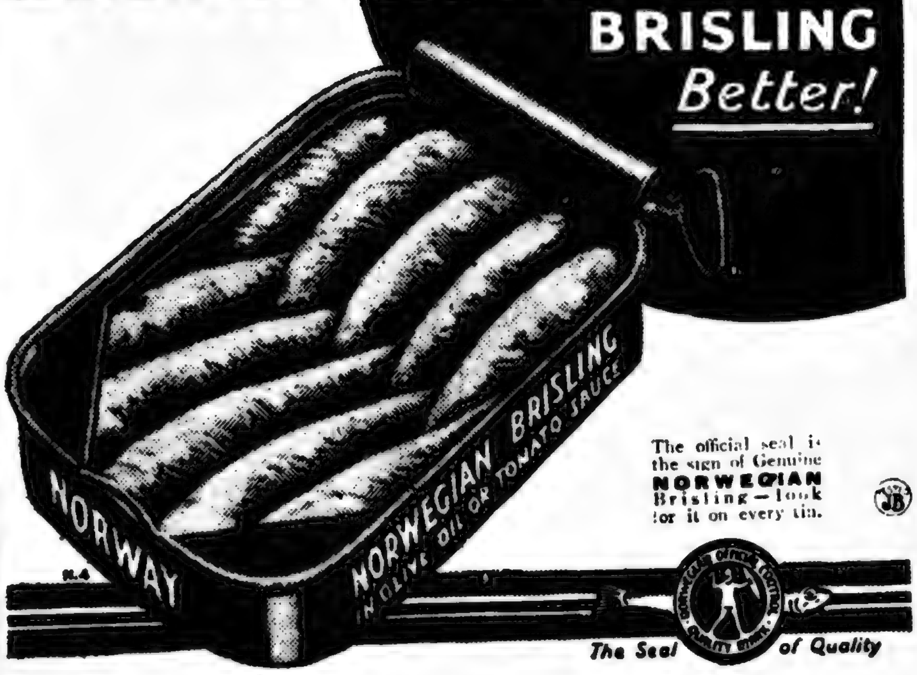

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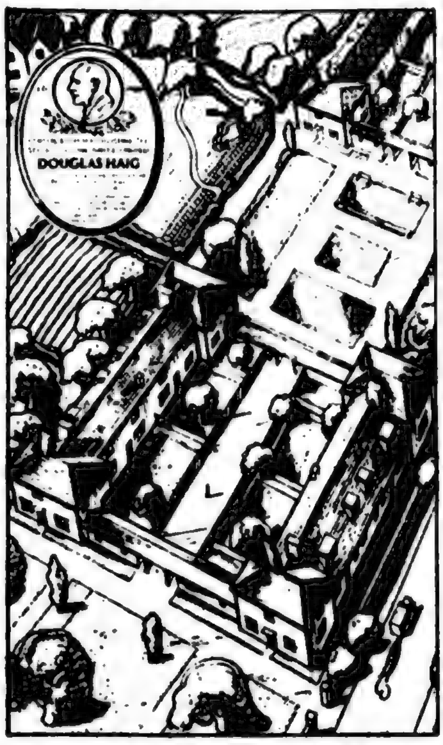

One of the Haig Memorial Homes.

Worthy of their name are the Haig Memorial Homes. Designed to last. Planned for comfort. These homes, in Bristol, Birmingham, Sheffield and Surrey, will have *the new thermal storage gas water heaters.* Tests have been made. Gas has been chosen. Chosen to ensure really hot water in abundance at baths, basins and sinks. Chosen for its economy. Chosen because it is labour saving, automatic, dependable.

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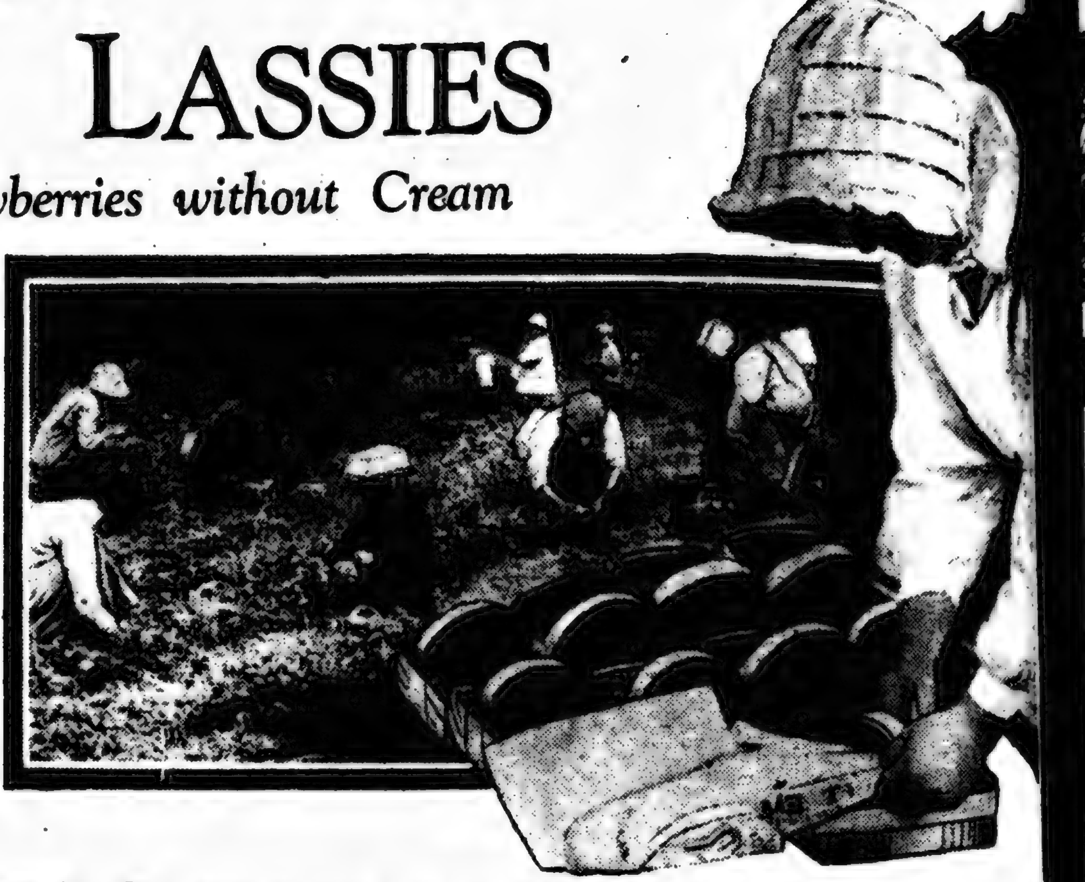
Strawberries without Cream



"Pretty strenuous labour in this heat"

Packing—packing fo the early train

"RIPE strawberries!" In many a town of Britain this cry is heard, and the greengrocers' stands are blushing red with prime English strawberries.

Doubtless you have seen the strawberry-fields when travelling by train or 'bus through the Wisbech area, the Southampton district, the Tamar Valley, or the fair county of Kent.

You have noted the rows of patient pickers. And, perhaps, you have thought: "Pretty strenuous labour in this heat."

Or, maybe, the idea has occurred to you: "A nice way of spending a healthy, open-air holiday, and getting paid for it in the bargain."

Whichever thought has entered your mind it was partly right and partly wrong—like most thoughts.

For instance, when you sympathised with the poor pickers, toiling in the heat, you would hardly believe that, the same day, they have been half-frozen in the chill morn.

Man with a gun

It is true, however, that for poor people, who cannot afford even a week's holiday away from the industrial areas, the berry-picking season provides a means of regaining health, through fresh air and plenty of exercise.

This is especially the case when they work for humane and enlightened farmers who provide decent accommodation.

Unlike hop-picking, no men are engaged in berry-picking. It is a job for the women and the elder children. Not the little ones, for they trample on the soft fruit.

The farmer pays the pickers a higher rate for fruit before eight o'clock. The picker gets 4d. per basket before eight o'clock and only 3½d. afterwards.

At three o'clock in the morning the strawberry-pickers are awakened. This job is usually done by the "bird-scarer," who is up at the first glimpse of dawn with his gun.

He hammers on the doors of the pickers' barracks, and makes his round twice, to make sure that no one oversleeps.

It is not so warm in the early morning, you know—even in late June and early July.

The pickers move among plants which are heavily laden with dew, and only too often their footwear is utterly inadequate.

Among the younger women, artificial silk stockings and plimsoll shoes are the rule. They are soaked with dew to above the knees, and the chill wind plays against the clinging moisture.

At eight or nine in the morning the pickers knock off. They are already tired enough to want to fling themselves down for a rest. Then the principal meal of the day is cooked. They are free until 12.30 or one o'clock.

Let us visit the pickers during their morning rest period. They are living, on this specimen farm—quite typical of hundreds of others—in several rows of huts.

They are single-story, one-roomed dwellings, built in rows like long boxes.

The doors are wide open, to let in the air, so that we may glance inside as we pass down the row.

The huts are very simply furnished. The pickers bring their own things—the farmer supplies only the huts and faggots for firing.

The pickers journey down from town on lorries, seated on top of their piled impedimenta.

They may bring a table and bedclothes. The bed itself consists of ticks, which they bring with them, stuffed with wheat straw, and laid upon ranged faggots. Packing-cases are used for seats.

In some huts, a pathetic attempt has been made at decoration and privacy: a curtain is hung across the room, partitioning off the bed.

Cooking is done in a large, open-sided, but roofed shed. Here is a row of primitive hearths.

Pots and kettles are suspended from a tripod, or are placed upon bricks which stand on either side of the fire.

Feed—anyhow

But there is not much cooking done: a favourite menu for dinner is bread and corned beef, followed by bread and jam as a sweet.

In the evening, the kiddies get bread and jam again, and perhaps mother will have a bit of bacon.

It is too tiring and expensive to go to the neighbouring towns for other stores, and the little local general shop provides only bacon and tinned goods, besides bread and margarine.

At one o'clock they may pick more strawberries; or perhaps they will start on the gooseberries.

The pickers receive 1½d. per basket of gooseberries—small, round baskets which do not take too long to fill. At five o'clock they finish for the day.

Pickers will often stay on one farm for several weeks—that is, if it be a well-varied fruit farm.

First come the strawberries, lasting for four to five weeks. Gooseberries also. Cherries follow, and then raspberries and black currants.

A family may stay for six weeks on a farm; and, if they can possibly work at picking plums and apples well, they can almost hold out father comes down to join them for potato and hop-picking season.

The average number of pickers a large farm is from seventy to Three pickers per acre is the general rule.

Luck of the weather

Pickers are booked about six before the season starts, and then farmer warns them by post-card to arrive, a few days before the starts.

Many pickers have worked for same farmer for years.

A good picker in a fairly good can average 6s. or 7s. a day, with help of the children. Allowing for daily expenditure of 2s. for food, can accumulate some saving to with them back home.

But—supposing the rain won't when it ought to; and the sun shine when it should? Pickers still eat, even if they don't work.

Plenty of rain before picking, plenty of sun after the rain—that the needful thing for a good crop.

But sometimes, after the pickers all assembled, the sun refuses to do duty—and they may have to wait days for the berries to become enough for picking.

Their bright hour

Then there are sad faces to be peering from the doors of the ments.

However, one may note that, exceptionally good places, at the ginning of the season, pickers earn as much as 10s. in a day. when the sun is blazing down, must not pick in the afternoon, then the berries are too soft.

It is hard work, and not too paid. But they are living practically the open air.

There is a little camp of children the "end of the row," where the tally clerk sits, and the packer—"shooter," as they call him—receives the baskets and calls out to the the amounts due to each picker.

Gradually the paleness of the in their cheeks is dying away, and healthy red and tan is taking its place. They play all day in the sunshine until the time comes to go back the "bivvies" and turn in.

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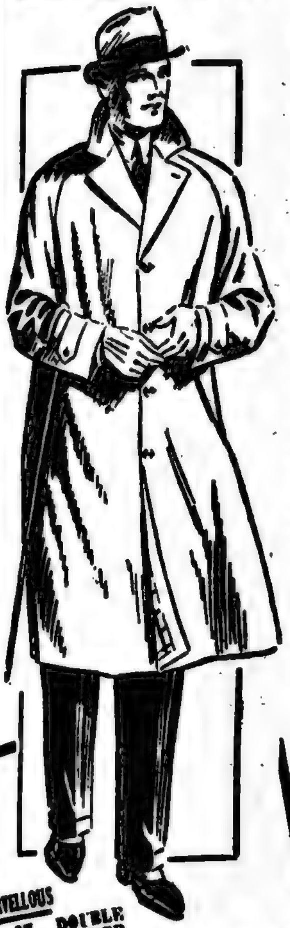

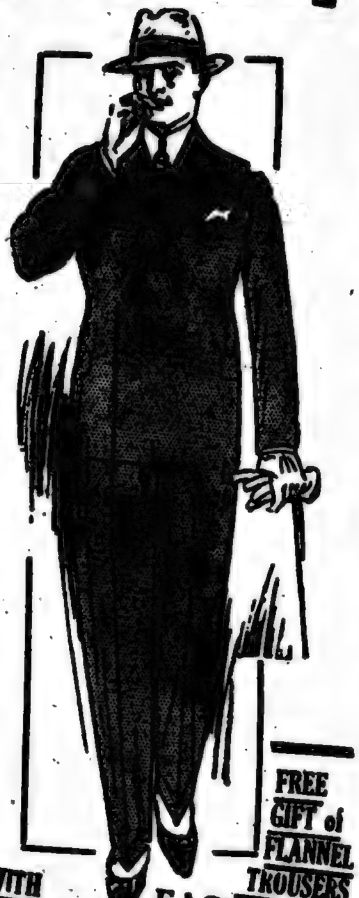

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FOR 1/- DOWN

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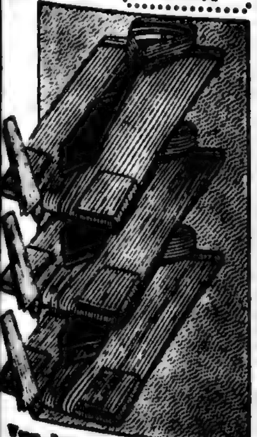
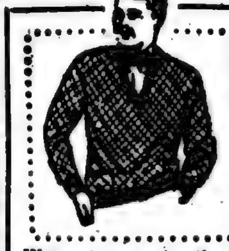
THREE 12/6 SHIRTS FOR 21/-
2 Collars with each Shirt.

FOR 1/- DOWN



Woven Poplin Tailored-made Shirts. Equal to a 25/- shirt, 2 Collars with each, 3 for 21/-. Send 1/- and Collar measurement. No further payment until you have had shirts one month, then 4/- monthly to complete purchase.



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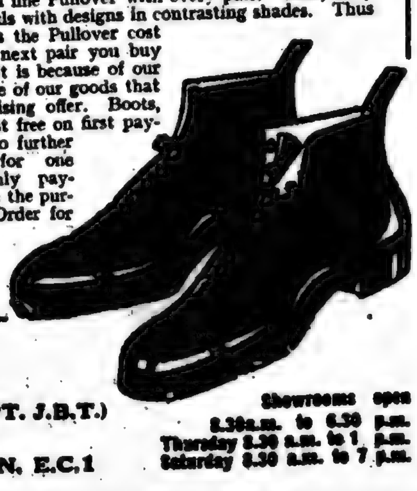

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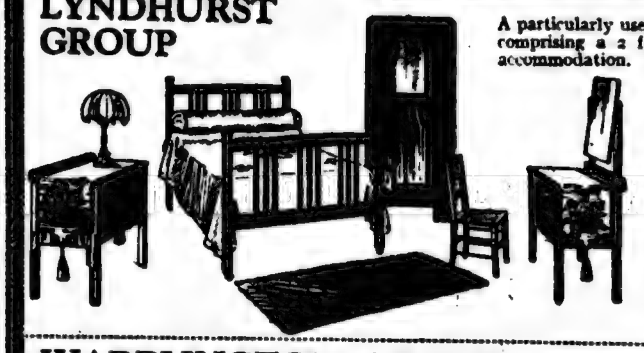
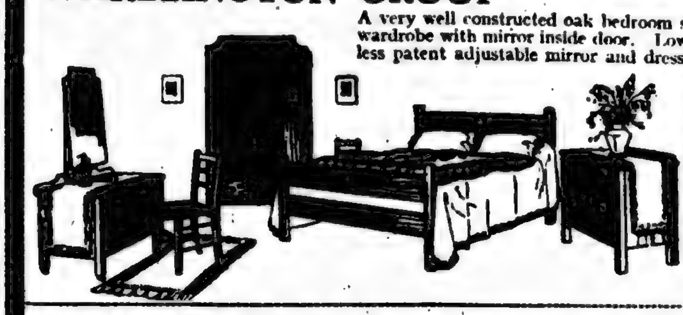


A particularly useful bedroom group in dark oak, comprising a 2 ft. 6 in. wardrobe with hanging accommodation. Dressing table with 2 drawers and large frameless mirror. Dressing chest and 1 chair. Suite, **£14 10s. 0d.** A well-constructed bedstead in oak to match, wire spring overlay, bolster and 2 pillows **£8 5s. 0d.**

GROUP COMPLETE £22 10s. 0d. **SEND 10/- ONLY** *10/- Monthly After.*

WARBLINGTON GROUP

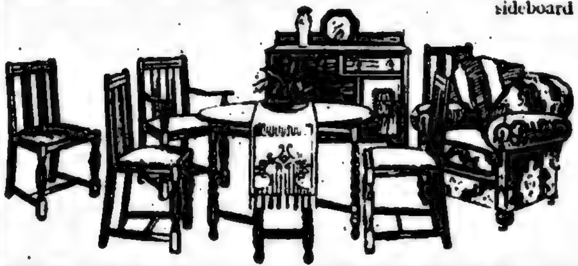
A very well constructed oak bedroom suite, comprising 3 ft. 6 in. wardrobe with mirror inside door. Low dressing table with frameless patent adjustable mirror and dressing chest with drawer and spacious cupboard. Suite, **£22 10s. 0d.** Double bedstead complete with spring, overlay, bolster and two pillows, **£10 5s. 0d.**



GROUP COMPLETE £32 10s. 0d. **SEND ONLY 14/-** *14/- Monthly After.*

LOMOND GROUP

A very beautiful and comfortable dining room group. It consists of a very useful oak sideboard with two drawers and two roomy cupboards, **£6 15s. 0d.** An oak gateleg table is 3 ft. 6 in. in width, **£3 7s. 6d.** Four small chairs with drop-in rexine seats, **£1 8s. 0d.** each and cosy settee and two comfortable easy chairs in velour, **£19 19s. 0d.**



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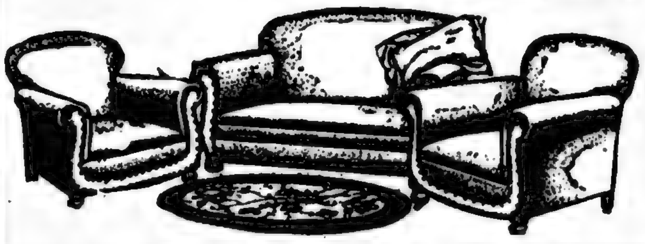
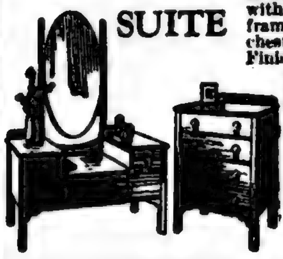
TAUNTON SUITE

Full size, well sprung, three-piece suite, covered in first-class rexine. Suite consists of full-size Chesterfield, **£6 2s. 6d.,** and 2 roomy Arm Chairs, **£4 5s. 0d.** each.



Price £14 8s. 0d. **SEND ONLY 6/-** *6/- Monthly After,* or in Rich Velours, **£19 19s. 0d. SEND 10/- ONLY,** *10/- Monthly After.*

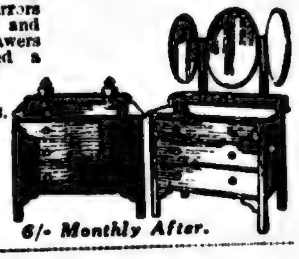
PARIS SUITE



Finely constructed half Bedroom Suite comprising sunk centre Dressing Table with 3 drawers, frameless Mirror and chest of four drawers. Finished a beautiful shade of dark brown Oak. **PRICE £11 5s. SEND 6/- ONLY.** *6/- Monthly After.*

RUGBY SUITE

A half Bedroom Suite offering exceptional drawer accommodation. The Dressing Table with triple frameless mirrors and 3 drawers and chest with 3 drawers are all finished a nice shade of dark Oak. **PRICE £12 15s. SEND 6/- ONLY.** *6/- Monthly After.*



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Real Life Stories by **Famous Authors**

The VAMPIRE of the "Voorndam"

by

FRANK H. SHAW,

the distinguished Sea Writer

ON the morning of December 20, 1928, at 7.15, Jenssen, the bedroom-steward serving cabins 107 to 117 aboard the *Voorndam,* knocked at the door of cabin 109 with morning coffee.

The *Voorndam* was a well-known Dutch Atlantic flyer, and a popular ship amongst those who travelled from the Continent to New York.

Receiving no reply, the steward tried the door, and found it locked. Repeated shakings of the handle eliciting no response, he summoned the chief saloon-steward.

"That's Miss La Coste's room, isn't it?" asked the chief steward. "Well, she was holding a pretty lively party late last night, so maybe she's sleeping off a headache. Let her lie—she won't thank you to disturb her."

Miss La Coste—entered on the passenger-list as Aimée La Coste—was easily the most attractive and dashing woman making that winter westward trip in the *Voorndam.*

The ship wakened to life. After a spell of comparatively good weather, the night had brought a real Atlantic snifter, and the *Voorndam* was rolling and pitching wildly across the swinging run of the Western Ocean seas.

WHEN the cabins were vacated, Jenssen was ordered by the second saloon-steward to roll up the carpet runners along his alleyway and wash the planking.

Then he noticed a trickle of blood oozing from under Miss La Coste's door.

He called the chief steward, who communicated with the purser, who passed the word to the captain.

The captain was needed on the bridge to see the liner through her flurry. He sent his chief officer down to supervise details: and calling the carpenter, the chief officer had the door burst open.

Miss La Coste was found lying half-in and half-out of the starboard berth in her cabin *de luxe,* with a long, foreign dagger sunk almost to the hilt in her back. She had been dead for many hours.

The key of the door was still in the lock inside, so an element of mystery instantly attached to the case.

On the previous night Miss La Coste had been the life and soul of the party held in one of the luxurious lounges. There was no reason for suicide.

She was known to be well-off; she owned excellent jewellery; and Jenssen had seen her take money from a wallet well-stuffed with notes of large denominations.

She was travelling alone, in a cabin of the best type. She was assumed to be something of a woman of mystery, a bit of an adventuress; and the purser had got the idea—he would not say how—that she was a spy employed by the United States Revenue to track down illicit diamond smugglers.

That, actually, was Miss La Coste's role; secret agent to the U.S. Revenue. But she was many things besides; as a woman of her dash and rare beauty might easily be expected to be.

Miss La Coste was a consummate blackmailer as a side-line; and it was presently discovered how well she had got away with this branch of her activities.

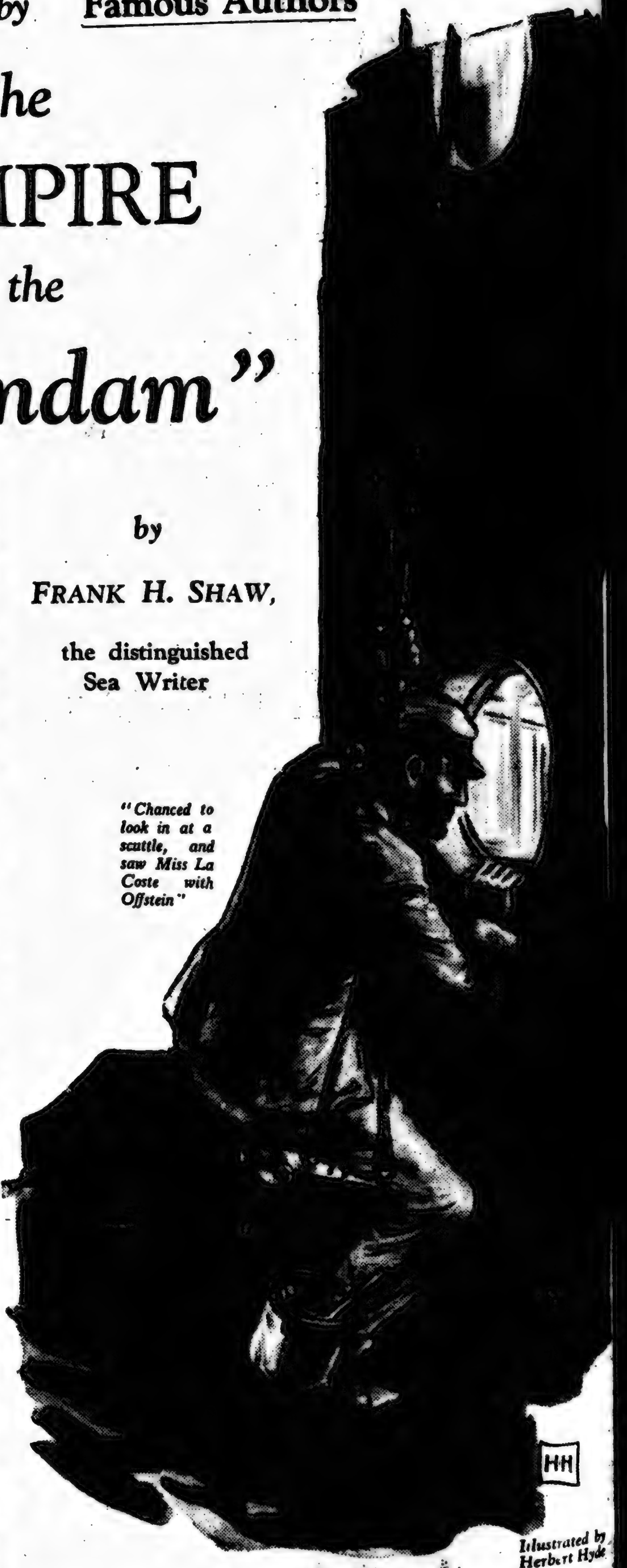
She was a woman absolutely without morals, as several of that voyage's passengers were able to swear.

Each one of these had been invited to a *tête-à-tête* in the lady's cabin, plied with liquor, granted modest favours, and then been accused of improper advances.

Each man ruefully confessed that he had paid handsomely to ensure Miss La Coste's silence, since they were all men of considerable position, who could not abide such ugly publicity as she threatened.

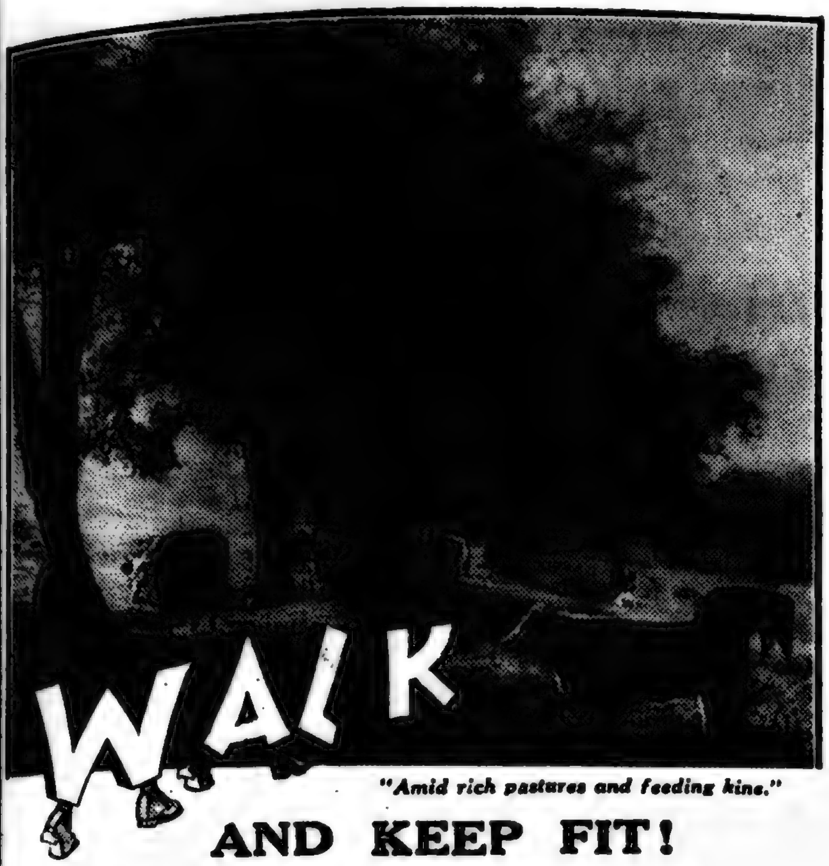
Indeed, on Miss La Coste's cabin floor, when a search was made, cigar-

(*Continued on page 30*)



"Chanced to look in at a scuttle, and saw Miss La Coste with Offstein"

Illustrated by Herbert Hyde



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says Harold Larwood

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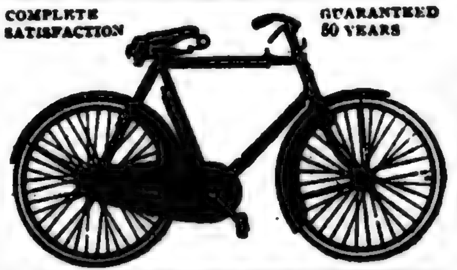

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"The VAMPIRE of the 'VOORNDAM'"

Continued from page 28

ashes were found, and two empty champagne-bottles were tucked behind the settee pillow.

But the surgeon removed the idea of suicide, by explaining that the death wound could under no circumstances have been self-inflicted.

The chief officer communicated the surgeon's verdict to Captain Van Streussen, and the ship's police were instantly called in to deal with this astonishing tragedy.

The discovery was made that, though the victim's jewels were intact, her stuffed wallet was missing from the place where Jenssen remembered it to have been kept—in a drawer in the dressing-chest.

Instructions were given to keep the matter quiet from other passengers. But the facts inevitably leaked out.

Furthermore, the U.S. police offered a further reward when the story was wirelessed to them.

Every evidence went to show that no one had entered the apartment after Miss La Coste had herself locked the door from the inside—there were no marks on the lock to indicate the use of an unauthorised key.

The scuttle was of fair size; but though it was not closed completely, yet the ring-bolts were locked over the lugs of the brass frame, to permit a little air to enter and no more.

AT seven o'clock that night, after a conference between captain, chief officer, surgeon, purser and first detective, a Mr. Henrik Offstein was invited to the captain's cabin, and there arrested on a charge of murdering the girl.

The evidence shown him was a bank-draft bearing his signature, made out to bearer, for $10,000. It was drawn on a well-known Wall Street bank, and it had been found in Miss La Coste's cabin.

Mr. Offstein immediately protested his innocence, and demanded opportunity to prove an alibi.

He was playing poker in his own cabin a deck below and on the other side of the ship from Miss La Coste's from midnight to 3 a.m.

Four other saloon passengers took their oath on this; but could not vouch for his movements *after* three o'clock.

Under pressure, Offstein admitted that he was deeply involved with the murdered woman.

She had made a dead-set at him, being aware of his considerable wealth; and he had spent a vivid evening with her prior to embarking on the poker-game.

As a result of this she had demanded a payment of $10,000 to keep silent, threatening to alarm the ship if he refused.

A married man of high standing, with an inordinately jealous wife, Offstein made out that draft, omitting her name on her instructions—and was then allowed to go.

BUT a cheque is not money until it is presented and changed, and the opinion of the officers of the *Voorndam* was that Offstein, fearing a definite exposure, had in some mysterious way penetrated the girl's cabin.

He had then demanded back his cheque on threat of punishment, and, failing to secure it, had taken her life.

Offstein steadfastly denied his complicity; but was held in custody.

Further research on the part of the official element of the *Voorndam* resulted in amazing disclosures of this siren-woman's actual activities coming to light.

Her official position with the U.S. Government as secret agent for the detection of jewel-smugglers was a deadly tool in her unscrupulous hands. She had apparently found it a simple matter to wheedle herself into the closest confidences of the smugglers.

Having done so, she had a choice of two courses—either she threatened them with exposure to the Revenue, stating a price for her silence, or she cajoled them into compromising situations and barefacedly demanded blackmail. If they jibbed they were exposed —as diamond-smugglers.

Flitting from crack ship to crack ship as she had done, Miss La Coste's path had been easy. Her Government warrant was an "open sesame" to the confidence of the official element on all occasions.

It was later shown, also, that she had varied her customary activities by acting as decoy for an international gang of card-sharpers, from which she had received rich rewards.

She had been married twice—once in Europe, once in America. But none the less her lurid past in no wise helped to simplify matters for Offstein. A culprit was required, and he answered the earmarks.

A celebrated lawyer happened to be taking passage in the *Voorndam*, and Offstein had known him prior to the tragedy. He insisted that this lawyer —James P. Purdy—should act as his adviser.

Purdy, then, undertook the case for the defence, and set to work to strengthen Offstein's alibi. He grew convinced that the dead woman's cabin had not been entered after she locked the door on the inside.

The author— Frank H. Shaw

The idea that the key might have been turned with a pair of sharp-nosed pliers from outside was disproved.

Purdy cross-questioned everyone likely to know the least detail of the dead woman. Every man who might have been victimised by her in the past came under the lawyer's critical microscope. But he was discomfited—their alibis were at least as waterproof as Offstein's.

I know Purdy well, and that is why I am able to disclose his procedure.

Offstein was incarcerated in the ship's jail, and was supposed to be under constant surveillance. The ship reached quarantine during the night, and anchored, awaiting the arrival of the authorities.

When the jail-door was opened, Offstein was found dead. He had cut his own throat, having broken the water-bottle in the rack and done the deed with a sliver of glass as keen as a razor.

Guilty, of course! Self-confessed!

The whole matter was studiously hushed-up. Liner companies can no more afford the breath of scandal than high-bred women.

But Offstein was no more guilty of that murder than this present writer. His reason for self-destruction was no self-knowledge of guilt, merely fear of publicity and exposure.

He had associated with the dead woman on erotic footings. That was certain to come out at the trial; he dreaded to face his outraged wife. But he did not kill Miss La Coste.

HOW she was killed was revealed two voyages later.

A deckhand of the ship, a man known as Mulliner, a steady seaman, who had made at least a dozen voyages, was working in a boat over the liner's side when she was in New York harbour.

A passing liner—the *Leviathan*—caused a heavy wash in her progress, and set the *Voorndam* swinging to such effect that her ponderous hull crushed the boat in which was Mulliner.

He was terribly mangled as a result and conveyed to hospital, where he died; but before dying he made his confession—that he and none other had killed the *Voorndam's* vampire.

Purdy was summoned to hear his dying admissions; and this is the gist of his statement.

Three years before the murder Mulliner had been a man of wealth, and a frequent voyager between America and Europe. He had fallen into Miss La Coste's web, when attempting to smuggle diamonds and liquor.

In a weak moment he had signed a paper she offered, admitting his culpability. Bled white by the rapacious harpy, he attempted to recuperate by wild speculations in Wall Street, and was ultimately ruined.

He sank, dropped out of things, and finally drifted into a sailors' boarding-house, where he was shipped aboard the *Voorndam*—a working seaman, as he had been prior to landing in New York and making his fortune.

And on the voyage in question he had recognised Miss La Coste.

Sent to paint a rusty patch on the ship's hull, he had, when descending the rope, chanced to look in at a scuttle, and seen Miss La Coste with Offstein.

He made a point every night-watch of sliding down a rope past her scuttle, hoping that he would find the porthole open.

ON the night of the tragedy he found it open to a certain extent. Offstein was in the cabin—and Mulliner saw him make out the draft.

He waited, and descended his rope again, taking with him the dagger. No one aboard the ship knew that he owned such a knife.

He stealthily undid the butterfly nuts of the scuttle-cover, and thrust his head and shoulders through the opening.

Miss La Coste saw him and turned to the door, to give the alarm. Mulliner hurled the heavy knife. She collapsed over the bunk and died without a sound.

Mulliner had seen, when keeping unsuspected observation, where she stowed her wallet—and although he was unable to enter the cabin through the scuttle, he applied ingenious resourcefulness to the problem.

He felt she owed him money—having looted him so thoroughly.

He climbed back to the deck, and from his sea-bag took a fish-hook and some line; returned to the scuttle, and by dint of careful angling was able to open the drawer and extract the wallet.

Then he adroitly worried the butterfly screws over the lugs of the scuttle, climbed back, stowed away the rope, and went to his own quarters as if nothing had happened, leaving only mystery behind him.

And the proof of his statement was verified by Purdy himself, who found Miss La Coste's wallet in the dead man's sea-bag.

But this is the first time the true story of the *Voorndam* murder has been told.

Collinson Owen

Writes a

REAL LIFE STORY

next week—

"A Meeting with Mons. Deibler"

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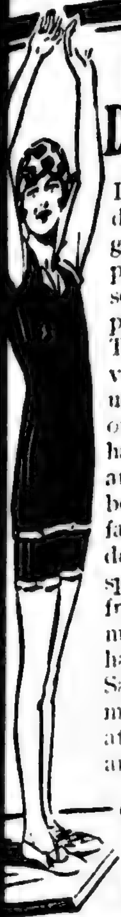

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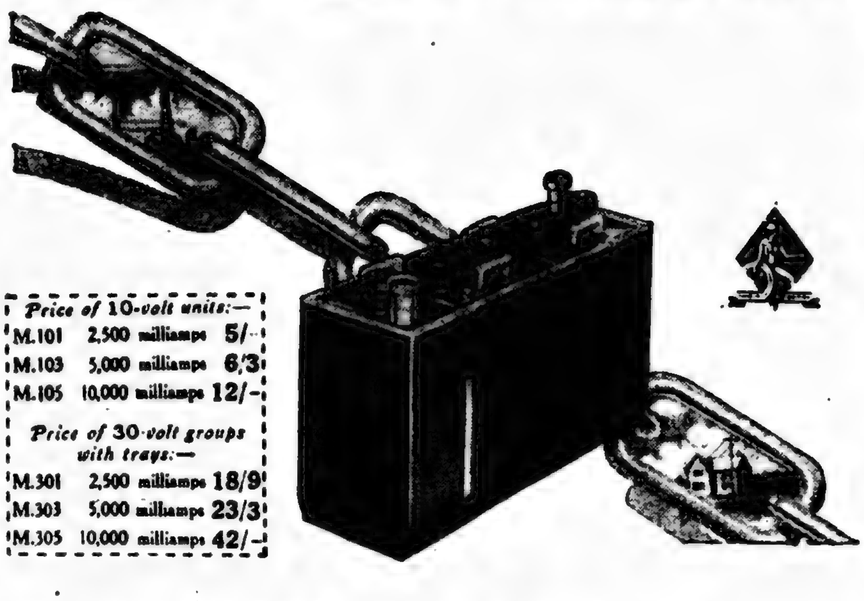

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A Gold-digger in the MARRIAGE MARKET

I AM an Asiatic merchant, and have been in this country over six years, carrying on business as an importer and wholesaler.

A few months ago in a London hotel I met a mild-mannered, middle-aged Englishman, with whom I struck up a friendship. He was a most interesting conversationalist, and had an air of engaging frankness.

When he learned what I did for a living he remarked that he had several wealthy American friends who were willing to purchase expensive wares, and he would put me in the way of getting some good contracts.

One day my new acquaintance confided that he did a little in arranging marriages between wealthy English women and "handsome foreigners of my type."

He added that it was merely a matter of commission and the business was done.

Although marriages are "negotiated" in this way in my country, I demurred.

HE argued that so long as romantically-minded English women fell for handsome foreigners, what was the harm?

Besides, he added, I had better see the girl he had in mind before I decided.

I was introduced to the lady. She was young and lovely. She told me that her one great wish was to go abroad.

My friend intimated that her income was derived from estates bequeathed to her abroad.

The prospect of marrying such a pearl, who in addition was well endowed, dazzled me. I fell hopelessly in love.

My friend said that if an engagement ensued, his commission would be large, as this naturally varied with the amount of property owned by his clients.

I was too fascinated to quibble. I paid what was demanded.

I was told that the girl's father was dead, but her widowed mother was alive, looking after the property from whence the joint income was derived.

Everything about the girl bore out the fact of wealth.

Now I have learned the true source of this wealth. There is no widowed mother and no inherited estates. The girl is a gold-digger of the very worst type.

In a fury I sought the man who effected the introduction, but he has vanished.

When I told the girl that the disclosure meant the termination of our engagement, she coldly replied that she would release me from my pledge on payment of a substantial sum.

Otherwise she will take my letters to court and sue me for breach of promise.

I am frantically anxious to settle the matter out of court in order to avoid scandal, but I cannot raise the outrageous sum demanded.

"HUMANIST" says: Don't try. People of the character you describe know better than to take any case to court, as if they did they would meet with no sympathy.

If the girl attempts blackmail inform the police.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

FACE TO FACE

in a love tragedy

TEN years ago I was keeping company with a girl I fully intended to marry, and approached her parents for their consent.

This they offered on the condition that I would sign an agreement to pay them £1 per week to compensate them for the loss of her wages.

Telling them what I thought of their sordid bargaining, I left the house in a temper. I said they could keep their daughter, and from that day until the incident I am about to relate, I never saw any of them again.

I am a Salvationist, and in course of time I married a woman member of the same corps to which I am attached.

Last month this corps went over to another town in celebration of an anniversary. After the tea, I was walking alone down a street near by and came face to face with my old sweetheart.

She had a boy with her and to my horror she informed me that I am the lad's father. I knew too well that she spoke the truth.

Demanding to know why she had never told me of her condition, she said she left home after our quarrel and did not know my address. She has remained single and faithful and christened the boy after me.

WHEN she learned I was married she turned rather white, but merely wished me good-bye and good luck.

Is there any amends I can make for what she has suffered? Is there any legal way in which I can give the boy my name? Above all, am I still fit to wear my Salvationist's uniform?

"HUMANIST" says: You can legally adopt the boy if his mother and the magistrate to whom you apply give consent, but your first duty is to confide in your wife.

The question of your uniform is one for your own conscience and the spiritual heads of the organisation.

STRANGLEHOLD

on his life

DURING a cotton-trade dispute in the North, my work as a trade unionist political organiser brought me into close personal contact with the mill-workers.

I fell deeply in love with one bonny mill lass, and to my joy she responded. We became engaged, and were passionately happy.

Trouble came when my girl realised how much of my time must be devoted to my work.

I am a worker-student, already becoming known as a lecturer on sociology, and I have been looking forward to the day when all my time can be devoted to lecturing and conducting classes.

My girl does not fall in with this idea. She doesn't mind the trade-union work in the one town, but when a chance came for me to fill a gap by going to another town to lecture, a crisis came.

She sent me a heated letter, declaring that it was evident I loved my "politics" more than herself, and I had better choose between them.

When next we met, my girl poured contempt on my ambitions, and said she was perfectly serious in suggesting that I make my choice.

I am in a quandary, for I love the girl, while she declares that it will break her heart if we part.

"HUMANIST" says: A girl who tries to throttle a man's ambition is not likely to make a good wife. Go on with your chosen career and refuse to be henpecked.

Think!

While eagerly planning how to get a few days' holiday from your work, think of the thousands in despair because they can find no work.

Won't you turn to "The Greatest of These——" Fund on page 38 and help to turn some of the despair into hope?

THE FATE of FIVE INNOCENTS

FIRSTFRUITS of the unification of the work of poor-law and municipal administration have been none too sweet for some people.

Take the case of Mr. Edwin James, an employee of the Wandsworth Council. He is a total abstainer, had a splendid war record with the "Queens," and is an excellent citizen.

There came a spell of unemployment, and the Ministry of Labour bungled his claim to unemployment benefit.

The rent of the home fell into arrears, and the landlord, desiring possession of the house, obtained an order from the county court giving it to him if the rent payments were not kept up and the arrears wiped off.

In the effort to tide things over, the man's wife took in washing and used the garden for drying purposes.

The landlord objected, and, with their sole source of income gone, Mr. and Mrs. James and their five young children went into the street.

Now the children are in the workhouse and the husband and wife are separated in different lodgings.

Mr. James is back in his old job and able to pay the rent of a new home.

Since the poor-law and civic administrations were merged, it might be thought that, in the interests of the family and, therefore, the community, and to relieve the ratepayers of the charge of five children, the local authority would promptly provide a house for these unfortunate people.

Both the Wandsworth Council and the London County Council have been asked to give the necessary accommodation.

They refuse to treat the case as an exceptional one, and take the attitude that the James' family must take their turn with the hundreds of other applicants for houses who are on their books.

Meanwhile five innocent children must remain in the pitiful atmosphere of the workhouse.

"... he put his tiny hands on the edge of the hot kettle..."

"My little boy is just an imp of mischief. The other day his curiosity led him to the stove, as he could smell something nice cooking. To lift his head sufficiently he put his tiny hands on the edge of the kettle. The result was a nasty burn. Fortunately I had some 'Vaseline' Jelly handy and immediately applied it to the burn. It instantly soothed his cries and the burns healed naturally in a few days."

Mrs. Colley
London, N.W.1

Little accidents like this happen so easily! That is why it is so necessary to have protection easily at hand. Cuts, burns, bruises—however small, may prove a source of infection if left unprotected.

Smear burns gently with "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly and then lightly bandage with linen or gauze. "Vaseline" Jelly forms a thin protective film over the sore spot and hastens Nature's healing.

Get a jar of "Vaseline" Jelly today and keep it always within reach for emergencies of all kinds. "Vaseline" Jelly is stocked by chemists and stores in tins or jars. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., London.

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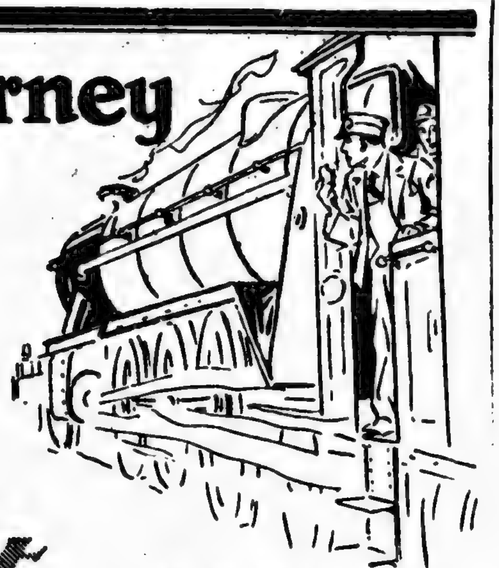
Sustains you on the journey



You can rely on Armour's Veribest Corned Beef to keep you going through the day. For Armour's is real, good Corned Beef and nothing but beef. No bone, gristle or surplus fat. Armour's Veribest sustains and nourishes and makes the most delicious dishes imaginable. Ask your grocer for Armour's Veribest ready sliced or in tins.

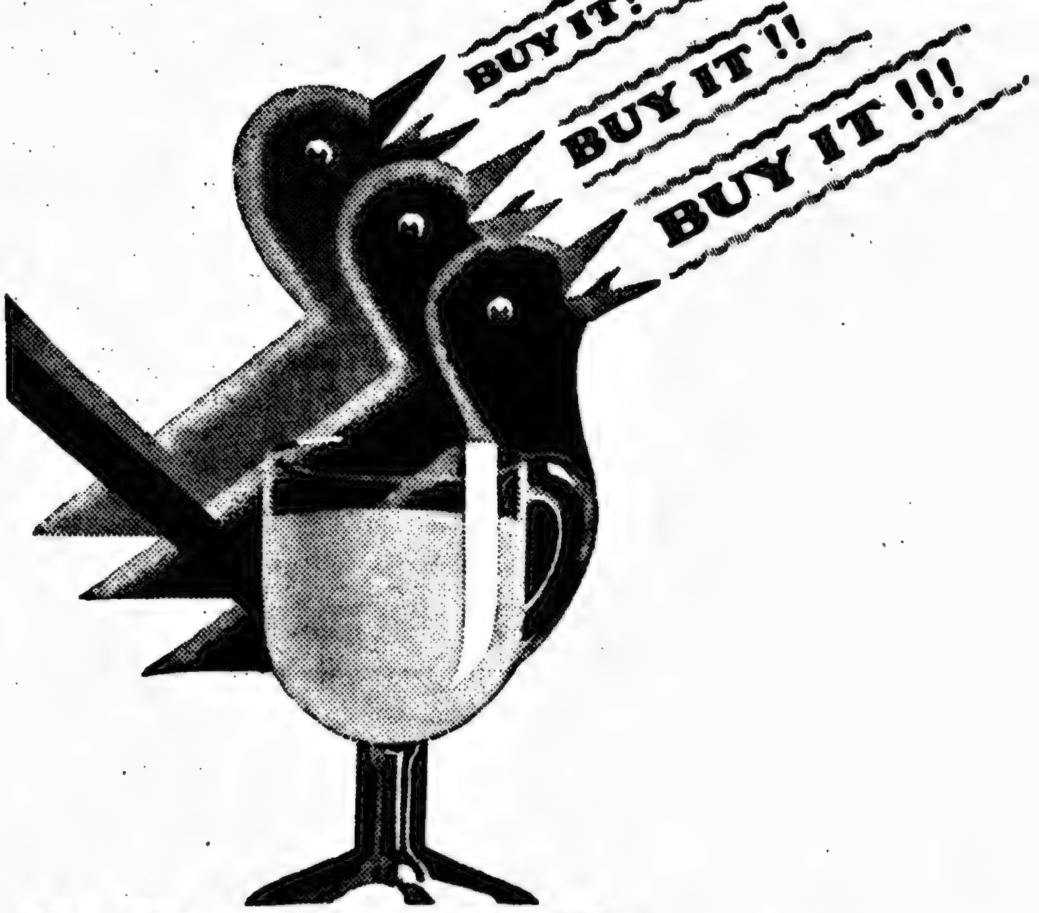
Armour's Veribest CORNED BEEF

That's That
ARMOUR'S VERIBEST CORNED BEEF

Armour's Veribest Ox Tongues are perfectly delicious. Try one and see.

Says the driver "I oft put my teeth
Into slices of Armour's Corned Beef,
You can say what you please,
But it's cheaper than cheese,
And more nourishing too's my belief."

A.B. 30/12


BUY IT!
BUY IT !!
BUY IT !!!

BIRD'S is best —and best with fruit.

"'Bird's' is the only Custard that tastes as good as it looks."

Co

"Something to sing about"

The Easiest Way to get the Best Value

Only reliable firms are allowed to advertise in John Bull, and readers need never hesitate to respond to them, for they are all of proved value and are covered by the John Bull guarantee, which appears on page 35.

The easiest way to get tho most for every shilling you spend is to buy goods that you see advertised in John Bull.

Of special importance in this issue is the attention of readers drawn to the following:— JAY'S free Catalogue on p. 2 BARRY'S TAILORING OFFER (free patterns on request) on p. 10 MR. GODFREY'S free Hair offer on p. 12; PRIVATE SEAL CIGARETTE advt. (free Gift Book) on p. 18; Free supply of PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM on p. 23; Free Beauty Outfit of ICILMA PREPARATIONS on p. 25; BLANFORD'S free Gifts in the advts. on pp. 27 and 31; DRAGE'S Catalogues of Furniture on p. 27; Free booklet offered in the VASELINE advt. on p. 33; SPILLERS' DOG PHOTO COMPETITION (£500 in Cash Prizes are offered) on p. 35; FABIAN'S offer on the Back Cover; Several excellent CYCLE OFFERS in which Catalogues will be sent on request.

TAKE OUR ADVICE
Bet with
"THE BIG TWO"
DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE, Ltd.
and be sure of your Winnings!

LETTERS!
If your letter is forwarded in accordance with their rules and bears a time-stamp not later than
SET TIME OF RACE
—— YOU ARE ON ——
—— NO LIMIT ——
WIN OR PLACE.

Books Open on
STEWARDS' CUP, ST. LEGER
CESAREWITCH and
CAMBRIDGESHIRE
Write at once for lists.
DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE, Ltd.
(Dept. J.B.)
227, BATH ST., GLASGOW, C.2

Don't let
ACHING FEET
spoil your pleasure.

For quickly ending the aching, burning pains of tired, tender feet there is nothing so good as a soothing footbath made by dissolving two or three 'Tiz' tablets in warm water. 'Tiz' does not unduly soften the feet, but draws out all ache and pain, stops excessive perspiration and fiery burning and tones up the tired tissues so that your feet soon feel fresh and fit. Ask your chemist for a 1/3 box of 'Tiz' (40 tablets) and banish the tortures of tired, tender feet.

'TIZ'
SOOTHES—RELIEVES—COMFORTS
without softening the feet.

If you need more exercise
roll your own cigarettes. With A.G papers you will find it light, pleasant and profitable.
AG CIGARETTE PAPERS
The *BEST* the world produces.

Our Letter Parliament

Salvation in SHORTER HOURS

As a worker for a firm which manufactures for export, I recognise something of what my boss is up against.

Because of this, I say unhesitatingly that it would not pay him to sanction any reduction of hours.

Our trade rivals are the Continental manufacturers, who already work many more hours per week than we do.

To secure contracts under existing home labour conditions, prices have to be cut to the absolute minimum.

Under such circumstances, it is obvious that any increase in labour costs would be nothing short of disastrous.—*H. H., Westlothian.*

Work Stimulus

All the resources of physical and mental energy could be better concentrated during shorter hours.

Time would be used to better advantage, and work performed more conscientiously.

Workers would be stimulated by the consciousness of finding reasonable time for rest and pleasure. They would do the same amount of work and do it better.

Better health and more happiness would prevail, and a kindlier feeling would exist between employer and employee.—*M. B., Manchester.*

Wrong Number!

I am unashamedly selfish and tired; being so, I am sure that shorter hours would pay my employer.

Every day for eight hours I sit at the telephone, and before even six hours are up, I am often out of temper, nervy and snappy.

It cannot be helped. No matter what the equality experts say, women were not meant to be machines, and to sit us at a telephone all day is to ask us to be just that—machines.—*M. M., Surrey.*

No Slacker

Shorter hours would not only ruin employers, but Britain as well.

Take the average working-time of shop assistants. They work fifty to sixty hours a week.

Why can't we all do it? Let everybody work as long as they like. Then we shall find ourselves like our neighbouring countries, in a flourishing condition.

I work in the building trade and do forty-eight hours a week. I should like to do another ten.—*H. W., Battle.*

The Waitress

A waitress in a café, whose hours are from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., I feel sure shorter hours would benefit my employer.

Half of us could be dispensed with for a few hours in the morning; and we should be able to render better service to both customers and employer.

I know, with thousands more, that towards the end of the long day interest in our work flags considerably.

Neither customers nor employer benefit when mind and body are not in accord with either the duties or those whose interests are in the café's welfare. —"*Waitress,*" *Walthamstow, E.*

Who Cares?

To counteract reduction of output in a large factory through shorter hours, more men would need to be employed.

The wages bill would go up, and the boss would squeal.

It may be pointed out that the extra money spent would mean his having a body of healthy, happy workpeople, capable, under the improved conditions, of turning out better work.

What employer, though, in these days of hustling mass-production, cares about things like that—*Arthur Hughes, Birmingham.*

New Spirit

When I started in my present employment the hours worked were ten. As the work is of an arduous nature, we found the task very exhausting.

An eight-hour day has now been in operation for some time. There is a new spirit among the men.

The pace has been accelerated, with a considerable increase in production. There is less wear and tear of machinery, and, consequently, increased profit.—*T. Carroll, Larkhall.*

Fatal Four

My employer has 150 workmen, whose working hours are forty-four per week.

If the hours of this staff were reduced—say by four per week—it would require at least ten extra men to accomplish the work that is now being done.

This would mean, at the present rate of wages, an increase of something like £20 per week.

With this point in view, shorter hours wouldn't pay my employer.—*Dalesman.*

Sickness Saved

A male mental nurse, I work seven hours ten minutes daily without a break, completing forty-eight hours weekly by one long day of 11¼ hours.

It would pay my employer, a county council, to allow us to work six hours daily, in four shifts. More staff would be required.

Additional wages would be met by the saving on unemployment-relief costs, also on reduced expenses for sickness, caused by overstrain.

Patients, receiving concentrated fresh efforts from four different groups nurses, would recover quicker, th effecting a considerable saving in ma tenance costs.—*Neuro, Wood Green, E.*

Profit—Loss

I was a worsted twisting-frame work when our hours were reduced by seve weekly, and the resultant drop in pr duction is evident from the fact th our piece-rates were increased 7½ p cent. in order to maintain form average wages.

Further shortening of hours, throu the necessity of maintaining present ou put, would involve taking more floo space and installing more machinery.

Rates, running costs, extra supervisio and other items would turn an admittedly small margin of profit into a loss, unless selling prices were increased, and that would mean loss of trade.—*Yorkshire Lass, N. Wales.*

No Grousing

Shorter hours would pay my employer. He wouldn't then have fifty "grousers" wasting his time complaining about their rights.

We would come eager for work, knowing that we have a few more hours to ourselves and kiddies when done.

The output would increase, the quality would improve, and the boss could enjoy an easier conscience, knowing he has helped "lame dogs over stiles," that his trade is growing and his men happier.—*Fulltimer, Bradford.*

Frayed Tempers

Customers will always go where there is cheerful and efficient service, yet my employer often drives them away when she allows them to be served by tired and overworked girls.

Girls toward night-time get weary, work is scamped, tempers are frayed, orders are lost through inefficient work and bad finish.

Shorter hours would make for efficiency and brightness, and good work always pays in the long run.—*Miss L. Anderson, Altrincham.*

Sweat and Trouble

It is one of the most ridiculous heresies imaginable that a man can, or will, do more work in seven hours than in eight.

If a certain amount of work is required it will always be better done if reasonable time is given.

But if it is expected to get eight hours' work done in seven, then the worker will be sweated and trouble will arise immediately.—*J. B., London.*

* * *

Short Shifts

Mr. Ernest Bevin, "the Dockers' K.C.," stated recently that since the working week of the dockers had been reduced output had increased by fully 25 per cent.—*W. J., Dumbarton.*

Shorter hours would eventually lead employers to the Bankruptcy Court, and, in my case, lead to the shortest hours (or longest) of all, the employment exchange.—*H. R., Fakenham.*

A worker at a colliery, I am positive that longer hours mean more accidents. —*W. G. Kingdom, Glam.*

Who would pay for shorter hours? Not the employer. The losses would be transferred to worker, customer and shareholders.—*C. Brown, Sheffield.*

◆

The World's Most Difficult Job

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject above, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, July 22.

Race with "Silver Ring"

HOT BUN is "HOT"

FOR once in a way, Lord Derby will not have an opportunity of gracing his many sideboards with another Liverpool Cup.

The famous black-and-white colours are not represented in the chief event of the summer meeting.

Moyresque—JOHN BULL's selection for the London Cup—ran away with the "Ally Pally" race, and, in consequence, carries a penalty.

I prefer the colt to Plantago, also from Manton, but take a couple lower down the handicap, Hot Bun and Simeon's Charm.

Hot Bun, a French-bred filly owned by M. J. Wittouck, has not raced this season, but she had a fine record last campaign. She won five of her last nine races and was placed in the other four.

Coster Boy, Gentlemen's Relish, N.P.B., Aristotle and Sledmere were among her victims over one mile two furlongs in her last race.

Simeon's Charm's form is in this year's "book" for all to see, and I go for him in the absence of Hot Bun.

He owns Hot Bun

I suggest Walter Gay for the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park and John Dory and Night Rider for the Saturday "double."

The Code selections, by the way, were most successful at the Bibury Club meeting. Mellin and Medarlin landed a 21 to 1 double, and were followed up by Exeter (won 8 to 11), Ganga Singh (third in the Cup), Just So (second), and Grazzia (won 9 to 4).

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

The Code covers the racing from Thursday, July 17, to Wednesday, July 23.

A S 3 O E J W G P X C Z R H L

9 I K 2 F M D V Y B Q 8 T N U

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* and the *Daily Herald*, read the one above or below, as the case may be. JFW9TUSH would read Medarlin. "SILVER RING."

VERY SPECIAL OFFER

THIS

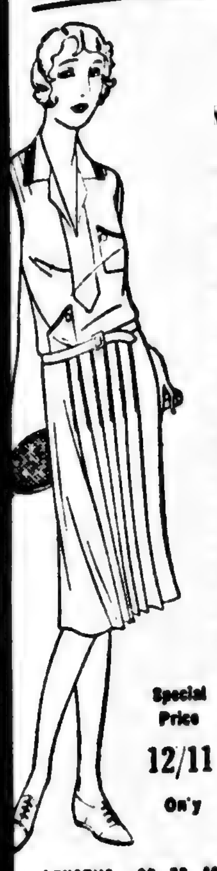
Tennis or Sports

FROCK

FOR

1/6

WITH ORDER



Ladies—here is a charming and perfectly dainty little frock for outdoor wear on summery days at a price which makes it a real Bargain.

It is made in best quality White Celanese Art. Silk, which washes and launders beautifully.

There are two pockets, which, together with Collar, are trimmed contrast. The skirt is hand-pleated and permits ample freedom of movement.

We will send this Frock, on approval, for a first payment of 1 6 only, balance of price payable by monthly instalments, if preferred. (See Coupon).

Why not send Coupon and Deposit NOW — while you think of it?

Special Price

12/11

Only

LENGTHS: 36, 38, 40 and 42 ins.
IN WHITE ONLY.

K. 96 BARGAIN COUPON.

Please send me, on approval, Frock No. K. 96, present Bargain Price of **12/11.**

ENGTH ....

I enclose 1 6 deposit, together with **6d.** for stage, and will pay balance of price either in e sum or by monthly instalments of **2/6** or ore. If not satisfied, and I return the Frock worn at once, you will refund my deposit. nclose Coupon with name and full address d Postal Order crossed thus / /.

Overseas and Irish Free State full cash only.

JOHN BULL, 19/7/30. No. 509.

st your Order to—

BROSE WILSON, Ltd., 509, Ambren House,
60, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

OT LIKE THE SAME GIRL,"

Victim of Anæmia Transformed.

She is not like the same girl," says a eful mother about her seventeen-year- daughter. She used to be so languid pale; nothing seemed to interest her; had no appetite, suffered from head- es, palpitation, and was always peevish irritable. Now she is bright and full nergy, the pink flush of health is on her eks; she is ready for her meals, and hes both work and recreation.

he wonderful transformation is due to Williams' pink pills, which have ued thousands of girls from the ches of anæmia. Anæmia is due to of blood, or to thin, weak blood, and s because Dr. Williams' pink pills ally create new rich blood that they e proved so successful in the treatment his insidious ailment.

o if you are anæmic, give Dr. Williams k pills a trial now, and you will soon erstand why so many women and girls se them. They give vigorous health, ing cheeks and sparkling eyes to all mic girls. All chemists sell these pills, 0d. box; but ask for Dr. liams'—nothing else will do.

EE. No girl should miss reading the klet "Nature's Warnings," sent free ll who write to C.E. Dept., 36, Fitzroy are, London, W.1.

£500 IN PRIZES

CLOSING DATE SEPT. 30, 1930.

ENTER SPILLERS DOG PHOTO COMPETITION

(For Amateurs Only)

. . . **and win one of these Big Cash Prizes**

TWO Prizes each of
£100, £50 and £25
ONE each of
£10, £5 and £2 10 0
100 each of 10/-;
215 of 5/-; 30 of 2/6;
And 300 copies of Spillers fully illustrated Book on Dogs

Only a little ingenuity is necessary in the snapping of, either dogs by themselves, or in company with human beings. Pictures showing the dog's place in the home, guarding children, fetching and carrying; outdoor photos . . . dogs jumping, swimming, begging and so on. There are two classes for adults and one for children under sixteen years of age.

Big Cash Prizes in each Class.

Obtain free entry form from retailers of Spillers celebrated Dog and Puppy Foods, Kodak or photographic dealers; also from suppliers of Liquid Sopex, the ideal Dog Wash, or direct from the address below:

SPILLERS VICTORIA FOODS, Photo Competition Department,
61, JACOB ST., BERMONDSEY, LONDON, S.E.1.
(Branch of Spillers Limited.)

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

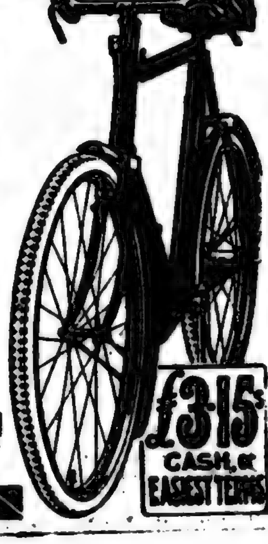
All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, **Proprietors of "John Bull."**

NOW READ THIS FOR CYCLE BARGAINS

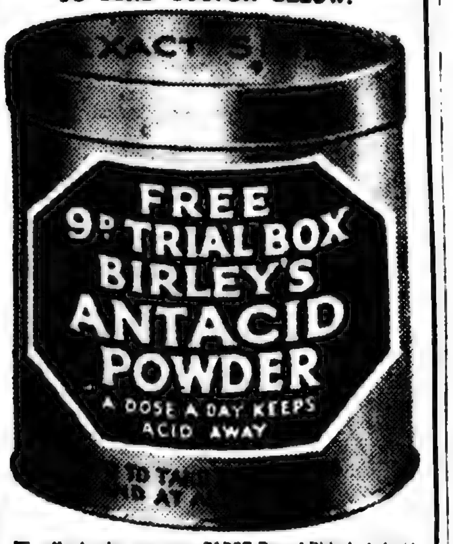
You can buy your cycle from Coventry's great cycle warehouse, **AND SAVE SHOPKEEPERS' PROFITS OF AT LEAST TWO OR THREE POUNDS.** This week I am holding a gigantic Bargain Sale of brand-new models, fresh from the works, many with **DUNLOP TYRES, STURMEY-ARCHER THREE-SPEED GEARS,** and all the best fittings. **FREE ACCESSORIES** during the Sale will include an **ELECTRIC LAMP, BELL** and **CARRIER.** Hundreds of Ladies' and Gent.'s de Luxe Roadsters, Racers, Sports, All Blacks, and real Miniature Cycles at £2 17 6 cash or terms. Carriage paid, on approval. Thousands of testimonials. My **WHOLESALE PRICES** and **SALE OFFERS** will amaze you, so send for **FREE CATALOGUE NOW.**



Chas. T. Robey, Ltd
THE WORLD'S PROVIDER, DEP. 25, COVENTRY.

FREE POST PAID

IT WILL ONLY COST YOU ½d. STAMP TO SEND COUPON BELOW.



We offer to give you your *FIRST* Box of Birley's Antacid Powder (9d. size put up only for *FREE TRIAL* and not for sale) for we *KNOW* this remedy is so *ASTOUNDINGLY GOOD.* It will give you *INSTANT* relief from the pain and distress of indigestion and its attendant ailments. This free box *ALONE* will do you the world of good. Will you *TRY* it? It acts immediately and definite relief will come from the very first dose. It is *TASTELESS* and *HARMLESS.* We *KNOW* you will be satisfied.

INDIGESTION

ACID STOMACH FLATULENCE HEARTBURN
BILIOUSNESS PALPITATION GASTRITIS

CONQUERED

Lieutenant-Commander T. Tilly (retired from Navy after 43 years' service), Hillyers Place, Underwood, Plympton:— *"For 10 years I have suffered agonies from stomach troubles in spite of everything I tried. Your Powder has done me the world of good. I have taken a new lease and a brighter outlook on life."*

OF ALL CHEMISTS 1/3, 3/-, 5/- TINS.

FREE TRIAL COUPON No. 15.

To BIRLEY'S ANTACID LTD.,
16, Northdown St., King's Cross, London, N.1
Send FREE 9d. Box of Birley's Antacid Powder

Name..

Address..

....

....

Use unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp. Enclose nothing else or postage will be more. *Please write clearly.*

RHEUMATISM

INSTANT RELIEF!

FREE TRIAL

We will send you FREE, on receipt of 6d. for postage, etc., sample box of Urace Brand Tablets and a bottle of Urace Brand rheumatic liniment which kills pain without rubbing.

Thousands of people have gained relief from Rheumatic agonies by taking Urace Brand Tablets. Urace instantly relieves the harrowing pain —dissolves and banishes Uric acid and other poisonous accumulations—defends your system against further attacks. It is also good for sciatica, lumbago, backache, etc. In boxes 1/3, 3/- and 5/- from all chemists.

URACE

BRAND TABLETS

Where external treatment is required use URACE Brand Liniment, which is specially prepared for all forms of rheumatic pains, stiffness, sciatica, etc. It quickly penetrates and speedily relieves, 1/3 and 2/-.

URACE LABORATORIES, 26, Provost St., London, N.1.

GOOD BOOTS & SHOES

THE Graves Footwear Department offers you soundest quality and utmost possible value for money. All sizes of Boots and Shoes for all occasions. We thoroughly understand the wants of all classes of wearers, and know how to combine durability with good appearance and comfort. World's lowest prices. Easy monthly payments. Catalogue and Measure Form free. 30 years reputation for honourable trading.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL!

Great New Discovery.

Wonderful New Treatment that Corrects Deficiencies in the Blood.

Long and patient research work has at last revealed the true cause of leg troubles—a deficiency in the blood—and an entirely new treatment is the result.

Nothing even remotely resembling the New Elasto Treatment has ever been offered to the public before. This wonderful treatment actually restores the natural power of healing to the blood.

What is Elasto?

Elasto is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that varicose ailments and relaxed conditions generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are *deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.*

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to evolve the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein walls and the membranes in healthy condition, and a varicose or relaxed condition results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements that combine with albumen to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to effect a cure in a perfectly normal manner.

There is no chance-work about Elasto; it brings into play Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food which *must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.* It is prepared in tiny tablets, to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Elasto cures varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, phlebitis, thrombosis, muscular weakness, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs.

Elasto also cures piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

FREE SAMPLES

For John Bull Readers!

An interesting descriptive booklet, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials will be sent, post free, privately, to all JOHN BULL readers, or their friends, on receipt of name and address. Write for these to-day, now! or send 5/- for a complete month's treatment with all particulars (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes.

Here is your opportunity to regain health and happiness—grasp that opportunity NOW!

**The New Era Treatment Co.
(Dept. 15.Z.), Cecil House,
Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.**

Elasto Cures Through the Blood!

X-WORD PRIZE INCREASED!

A GOOD hard shot—that's the way to win. And it's worth a big effort, isn't it! So keep your eye on that ball—concentrate—but don't lose a moment. It's no good hoping to win on your opponent's double-faults. Hit out, hit hard and the chances are you'll send over a winner.

GET IT OVER!

JOHN BULL'S
£575
MUST • BE • WON
X • WORD

"JOHN BULL" will pay £575 for a correct solution on one form of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 73 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity — no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), July 24th. Solution of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, July 31st. Winner will be given in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, August 7th.

Result of Crossword No. 70 appears on page 36.

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully

1. Fill in puzzle opposite **IN ORDINARY INK**, not copying ink or copying-ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing **three-halfpenny** stamp and post to **"John Bull," Crosswords (No. 73), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**, so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, July 24th.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed — /& Co./ — and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £575 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale **Thursday, August 7th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £575 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, August 12th,** after which date the prize-money will be despatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim prove valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to:—**The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

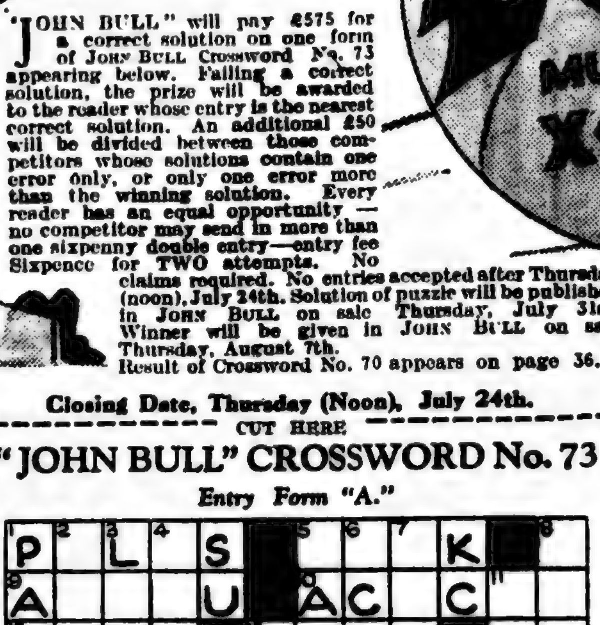
14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), July 24th.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 73

Entry Form "A."

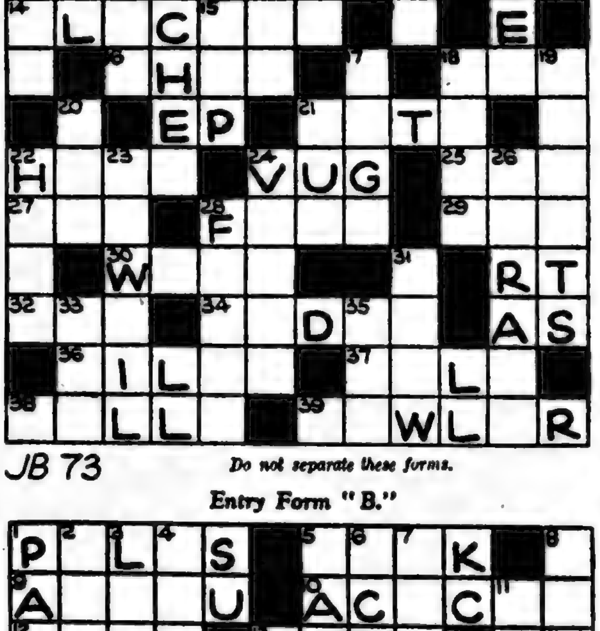


JB 73

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."

CUT HERE. CUT HERE



JB 73

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No. ....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), July 24.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

AN EXTRA £50 *for Runners Up.*

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

Clues Across.

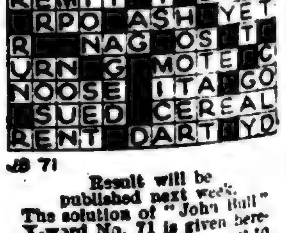
1. Little balls of medicine.
5. 52 playing-cards.
9. Farewell.
10. Popular plant.
12. For carrying farm produce.
13. A funeral litter.
14. Voter.
16. Arab vessel.
18. Pounces.
21. Knowing trickster is, when questioned.
22. Wheel centres.
25. Consumed.
27. Single item.
28. Crazes.
29. Fasten.
30. A feature of ancient Roman city.
32. An age.
34. We get down from this bird.
36. Gevaard.
37. Precious metal.
38. A snail does, when threatened.
39. Sportsman.

Clues Down.

1. Familiar at the bank.
2. A god.
3. Esteemed.
4. Blood-sucking worms.
5. Two.
6. High card.
7. Foolish pedestrian ignores.
8. Mother gives her child.
11. A notion.
13. Type of neckwear.
15. Upper surface.
17. Seen in country inns.
18. Much warmth.
19. These are sometimes boiled.
20. Enjoyed by youngsters.
21. Wet, soft substance.
22. Rabbit makes in the ground.
23. Lament.
24. Genuine.
26. Vehement speech.
28. Runs away.
31. Forepart.
32. Fish spawn.
33. Self.

Chambers' 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest edition) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 71.



JB 71

Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 71 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

NEXT WEEK'S PRIZE STILL BIGGER!

The EDITOR REPLIES

Write to "John Bull" about it!

Kitty (Derby).—"I mean to give my boy the cold shoulder next time I see him." Make it hot for him!

J. F. (Twickenham).—"Can you tell me a song with a robust love theme in it?" "Little Brown Jug."

M. W. (New York).—"I am never afraid to travel in a ship with a list." Especially a wine list, we suppose.

C. P. (Buxton).—"I bought it for a third of the catalogue price." And how much was the catalogue?

S. S. (Hampstead).—"I have a sharp walk every morning, ending up with a brisk run." To catch the 8.40?

Scientist (Chiswick).—"There is always rubbish in the air." Yes, but you're not obliged to listen to it.

C. P. (Aldershot).—"In Africa, my car ran into a lion." Was it walking on the wrong side of the Equator?

Tom (Purley).—"What should a man do when a woman begins angling for him?" Hook it, or she'll hook him.

Comedian (Sheffield).—"When my name was on the bill, the audience took fifteen minutes to leave the building." Was he lame?

Mrs. M. (Southend).—"I see that 5,000 eggs have just been stolen." There ought to be one fresh one among that lot.

W. L. (Leicester).—"Wouldn't it be dreadful in a world where one lived for ever?" It would; enough to make one kill oneself.

P. P. (Primrose Hill).—"Exactly why is the earth always regarded as feminine?" Because we are so unsure about her age.

Annoyed (New Cross).—"Whenever I meet my neighbour in the street she cuts me dead." Evidently got her knife into you.

Jilted (Llandudno).—"When a man marries a girl for a bet, it must react." Yes, he usually joins a crusade against gambling.

Knut (Sleaford).—"When dancing the other night, my collar-stud came unfastened and I went hot all over." In fact, your choler rose.

T. T. (Goole).—"I am sending you some more of my poems. I feel I could do anything for your paper." Then try another editor with your verse.

E. T. (Romford).—"My wife says in her letter that the Swiss scenery takes her breath away." Don't worry; she'll make up for lost time when she returns.

S. T. (Wood Green).—"Many a man has to keep his nose constantly on the grindstone." Especially when his wife wants to turn up hers at her neighbours.

W. B. (Battle).—"I have a very modern statue of a mother with a child in her arms." It can't be modern. If it were, she'd be nursing a small dog instead.

E. J. (Portsmouth).—"This town is a favourite place for experimental productions of new plays." The residents must feel that they have a real grievance.

A. K. (Birmingham).—"Thieves borrowed a ladder to break into my house." We hold the view that it ought not to have been lent to them for that purpose.

W. L. (Stepney).—"I refused to allow the fortune-teller to tell me anything about my future lover." Did you want to hear about the past of your present one?

J. K. (London).—"Americans have booked up practically everything for the next three months." You had better warn your newsagent to keep an eye on your John Bull.

A. P. (Putney).—"Exactly what is the advantage of a one-way traffic system?" Chiefly this: That while expecting only one direction you have the pleasant surprise of finding that you can be knocked down in several.

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

B. F. (Ayr).—"Women take to generous men." And from.

F. M. (Exmouth).—"When is a man really drunk?" When he keeps on insisting that he is sober.

Alphonse (Paris).—"I am simply crazy to see every statue in London." Quite true—simply crazy.

J. T. (Swansea).—"The next war will be a contest between machines." Fortunately machines can't write memoirs.

F. A. (Pudsey).—"I've written a song called 'The Ghosts of Yesterday.'" It should have a haunting melody.

Painter (Chelsea).—"You can tell a genius by a few sure strokes." Then our old schoolmaster was a genius.

Elsie (Ilford).—"Do women really love silk stockings?" Oh, no; just another sacrifice women make for men.

O. D. (Poplar).—"Some scavengers make big money out of rubbish." That's nothing to what song publishers make out of it.

Amy (Kensington).—"When bathing in the Serpentine, I stuff my ears with cotton wool." We don't blame you. Some of the costumes are far too loud.

S. M. (Cambridge).—"After living ten years in darkest Africa, an explorer is shortly getting married." So it seems there is no escape.

M. D. (Walsall).—"Pain doesn't exist; it is merely a form of imagination." We wish you had to read some of the efforts of our contributors.

L. O. (Esher).—"The radio set occupies the corner once taken up by the cradle in a great many homes." But the "howling" is much the same.

J. D. (Brighton).—"I object to modern dancing; it is simply hugging set to music." What do you dislike, the music?

C. J. (Dorchester).—"Many after-dinner speakers fail because they don't know how to speak up." And others because they don't know when to sit down.

T. W. (Leeds).—"An American songwriter faces life imprisonment as an habitual criminal, having been convicted of four crimes." What were the names of his four songs?

N. D. (Coniston).—"My speed-boat stops in its own length." Others would prefer it to stop in its own boathouse.

F. H. (Bodmin).—"Is . . fish diet good for the brain?" Whose brain?

W. L. (Goole).—"What I told my wife is a strict secret." Was, you mean.

C. E. (Finchley).—"A petrol lorry knocked me down." Were you full of spirits, too?

K. N. (Bury).—"Many secrets lie behind the walls of lawyers' offices." So do many lawyers.

L. F. (Bangor).—"Too much sunlight can be very dangerous." So can too much moonlight.

B. J. (Bayswater).—"A married man rarely knows when he is well off." He so very rarely is.

Maisie E. (Holland Park).—"I enclose my photograph. How old do you think I am?" You don't look it.

K. F. (Boscombe).—"Only sailors know what a sea voyage is really like." Still, a Channel crossing can give one a rough idea.

Bert (Manchester). — "My barber keeps a written record of all the customers he cuts while shaving." A sort of gash-register?

Medico (Bromley).—"It is never wise to walk briskly after a good meal." Unless, of course, one hasn't enough money to pay the bill.

L. S. (Oxford).—"I believe in making capital out of other people's mistakes." Do you always press button B when you enter a telephone-box?

A. M. F. (Greenock).—"I am shortly returning to work after six weeks' illness, but I long to take a holiday first." Take the Holiday First of £400 on page 39 and you won't need any other tonic.

W. J. (Swindon).—"A man who takes a little of his work with him when he goes away for his holidays is on the right road to success." An elephant-trainer would find some difficulty in following this advice.

V. S. (Egham).—"My bid for a gold ring was 5s." Well, you gave the auctioneer a start.

J. B. S. (Halifax).—"Our medical authorities consider that change is not essential." So do our taxi-drivers.

L. D. P. (Elland).—"I've had a nasty accident, but still I shall go to work on Monday." Even if compensation sets in?

Tailor (Whitechapel).—"I'm offering cricket flannels at 6s. 6d. guaranteed to wear for a few days only." Well, that's frank enough.

Mrs. D. S. (Perth).—"When you see a woman heavily be-ringed, you may be sure she will refuse to work." On the principle, of course, that she has quite enough on her hands.

(*Many replies unavoidably held over*)

ROUGHLY SPEAKING
all razor blades
are alike - - -
SMOOTHLY SPEAKING
you cannot find
any to equal -
MYATT
DAYMARK
BLADES
3D. EACH
1/3 FOR FIVE
Sole Manufacturers
W. J. MYATT & CO., LTD.,
BIRMINGHAM.
For this style of razor

Side-Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

Modern:—"Long SHIRTS have to be worn with a grace."

Prestatyn Weekly:—"The PARENTS were numerous and costly."

Co-operative News:—"In the MOTOR SECTION Sunderland Society were third for the best advertisement on any HORSE-DRAWN vehicle."

Schoolgirls' Weekly:—"Two forlorn little figures, THEIR FACES, their clothes, in TATTERS."

Whitley Bay Holiday Magazine:—"The soft breeze is laden with the odour and COLOUR of flowers."

Cambridge Daily News:—"In the kitchen he found a DRAWING ROOM."

Northern Daily Mail:—"The left lung had apparently ceased to CROW at some time in the boy's life."

Northern Daily Telegraph:—"Mr. ———, who was KILLED last Friday by a steam wagon while returning from Windermere on his motor-cycle, is a LITTLE BETTER TO-DAY."

Huddersfield Daily Examiner:—"She wore a long skirt, composed of scalloped frills, a tight FIGHTING bodice."

Morning Post:—"Will someone adopt healthy baby boy? Bright red hair; two months; complete surrender; 5 gns. (AND OTHER DACHSHUND PUPPIES FOR SALE)."

Northern Echo:—"Two special TRAMS carrying about 1,000 Otley and district juvenile Oddfellows and their parents."

18 out of 26 1st PRIZES WON IN "BULLETS" THIS YEAR BY Everybody's READERS

An Amazing Record

Do you want more emphatic proof than this of **EVERYBODY'S** amazing help to its readers in "John Bull's" popular contest? Just glance at this list of **EVERYBODY'S** Readers' successes:—

Bullets No.		
741	Mr. C. F. Taylor, Gateshead	£1,575
742	Mrs. A. Symons, Horndean	£500
743	Mr. Clark, Inverness ...	£420
744	Mr. Hodgson, Rock Ferry, Cheshire	£850
747	Mr. H. Hopcraft, Thame	£892/10
748	Mr. Heard, Exeter ...	£300
749	Mrs. D. E. Henry, Dorchester	£600
750	Mr. J. Tucker, Barnstaple	£250
751	Mr. G. Brockett, Glasgow	£500
752	Mr. J. Irvine, Paisley ...	£4,200
753	Mr. A. H. Law, Norbury	£300
754	Mr. B. Warburton, Birmingham	£400
757	Mr. W. Jones, Penygraig	£900
758	Mr. R. Brown, Bradford	£350
759	Mr. P. Taylor, Birmingham	£2,625
760	Mrs. J. Whitelaw, Edinburgh	£300
762	Mr. G. A. Waller, London, N.W.	£860
764	Mrs. E. Nisbet, Witham, Essex	£[illegible]00

Every issue of **EVERYBODY'S** contains helpful advice on how to construct prize lines to fit the current examples, together with what to avoid. **EVERYBODY'S** will also help you with **"JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD** competition, for advance solutions, with alternatives, are published every week for this as well as all other Crosswords and Picture Puzzle contests carrying prizes of

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There is no other paper like it. It will help and delight you.

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Everybody's
the popular weekly
EVERYWHERE. 36 PAGES. 2d.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

The Worst TORTURE

THERE is no mental torture more cruel than that of the man who is eager and anxious to work, but to whom work is denied. Many, if not all, of the applicants to "The Greatest of These—" Fund belong to this pathetic list.

Here is a typical case. An ex-Service man who joined the Army on August 8, 1914, holding first, second and third class medical certificates, became a private in the R.A.M.C. and entrained for France a few days later.

The following January he was invalided home, terribly ill with both typhoid and pneumonia. After great suffering he was discharged a few months later with chronic inflammation of the stomach and ventral hernia.

Ordered to live as much as possible in the fresh air, the Y.M.C.A. interested itself in finding him a traveller's job.

After struggling on for two years, the Ministry of Pensions ordered him to give up this, as he was physically unfit for the work.

His next venture was a business of his own, which failed. Coming down to a stall in a cheap market, ill-health and the great coal strike combined to complete his ruin.

With the utmost pertinacity, the sufferer tried for job after job, often obtaining a chance only to collapse from sheer weakness and hæmorrhage.

The final phase has been complete dependence upon Army pension and the Poor Law; but now, ordered into a sanatorium, the wife will have to live, after rent, insurance and gas are paid, on an income which leaves her with 22s. 6d. per week to feed seven.

It is this courageous soul and hundreds of others like him that JOHN BULL readers are asked to help. We know their sympathy, and we believe they will not fail.

Send any help you can to The Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Liberal, 3s.; Curly, 2s. 6d.; A. Phillip (Hull), 2s. 6d.; Forest-Sider (Epping), 4s. 4d.; Beta (Sale), 5s.; Jam (Enfield), £1; Mrs. J. T. Baines (Sherwood), 2s.; P. A. Jones (Pwllheli), 6d.; Hopefully, 3½d.; Anon. (Dereham), 6d.; Mother, 1s.; Anon. (Birmingham), 1s.; Evelyn (Chichester), 1s.; M. S., 1s.; A Small Prize (Wallasey), 1s. 6d.; A Well Wisher (Leicester), 2s.; Sensitive One (Cheshire), 2s.; W. J. F. (Acton), 2s. 6d.; L. B. (Cardiff), 2s. 6d.; R. G. (Southgate), 3s. 6d.; Anon. (Coventry), 7s. 6d.; Toby (Hayle), 6d.; Mary Burgess (Nantwich), 1s.; C. E. W. (Grays), 1s.; J. E. Leather (Nantwich), 1s.; A Sick Sympathiser, 1s.; A Sympathiser (Port Talbot), 1s.; Target (Mark Cross), 2s.; Grateful Heart (Dundee), 2s.; P. Dora Griffiths (Haverfordwest), 2s. 6d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; R. Evans (Marston), 2s. 6d.; L. Harries (Llandyssul), 2s. 6d.; Esther (Montrose), 3s. 6d.; June Bridegroom, 5s.; Anon. (Larkhill Camp), 5s.; Billie, 4½d.; Hopeful, 2s.; A. E. (Bradford), 1s.; F. G. Dean (Whitstable), 1s.; J. E. S. (Forest Gate), 1s. 6d.; Jim (Petersfield), 2s.; A Working Man (Deal), 2s.; Anon. (Manchester), 2s. 6d.; Verdo Stelo, 2s. 6d.; J. B. (Redcar), 10s.; May (Coventry), £2; Joseph Wilson (Leicester), 6d.; T. A. (Maidstone), 1s.; Miss Joy Richmond (Reading), 2s.; T. C. Bellamy (Cheltenham), 3s.; Mrs. Brand (Tottenham), 6d.; Foxey-Boxey, 1s. 6d.; Miss J. Lamb (Edinburgh), 6d.; Sheppyite, 6d.; R. Watson (Colchester), 6d.; Scribe, 8s.; Remembrance, 2s. 6d.; Grateful Heart (Dundee), 10s.; Deep Sea, £1; Anon. (Preston), 1s.; J. A. Y. (Petersfield), 2s.; M. H. H. (Cheetham), 2s. 6d.; Betty (Leith), 2s. 6d.; T. R. P. Williams (Cradley), 2s. 6d.; Jim (Barrow-in-Furness), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Barrow-in-Furness), 2s. 6d.; In His Name, 5s.; F. Kempton (Castleford), 5s.; Balfron, 5s.; A Constant Reader (Ilfracombe), 5s.; E. S., 5s.; "?," 3s. 5d.; Kitty and Cyril, 1s.; Sid Lewis, 2s. 6d.; J. E. K., 3s.; Rodden, 13s.; J. W. (Warrington), £1.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from:—H. Harman; A. B. and C.; Mrs. Payne (Strood); Mrs. P. A. Nicholas (Nunton); In Sympathy; Toby; Mrs. Lakin (Wood Green); L. S. (Torquay); Mrs. Read (Stanway); Fairlight (Hastings)—former parcel safely received, thank you.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

All smiles now -but..

A SCRAMBLE up the gate—a sunny smile whilst perched on top—and then in scrambling down the other side her foot slips and she falls headlong. The result, very often,—is a broken leg.

JOHN BULL has paid thousands of cheques on account of Children's Accidents. Have you registered for our Free Insurance?

Owing to lack of space we can give the names of a few only of those who have received cheques of £3 each on account of Children's Accidents.

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TRURO.—Mrs. F. Martin, 8, Lemon Row.
WOOLWICH.—Mr. G. H. Gardiner, 11, "C" Block, Artillery Place.
WATFORD, HERTS.—Mrs. E. Selwood, 29, Clifton Rd.
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HOLIDAYS.—Readers are reminded that before leaving for their holidays, they should instruct their newsagent to recommence the regular delivery of JOHN BULL *immediately on their return. They should also, in case of a claim arising, be prepared to show that they purchased* JOHN BULL *whilst away.*

Against Fire, Storm, Sickness and Accident "John Bull" covers you free.

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Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent) ....
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....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature ....
Address ....
Date ....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 19/7/30.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

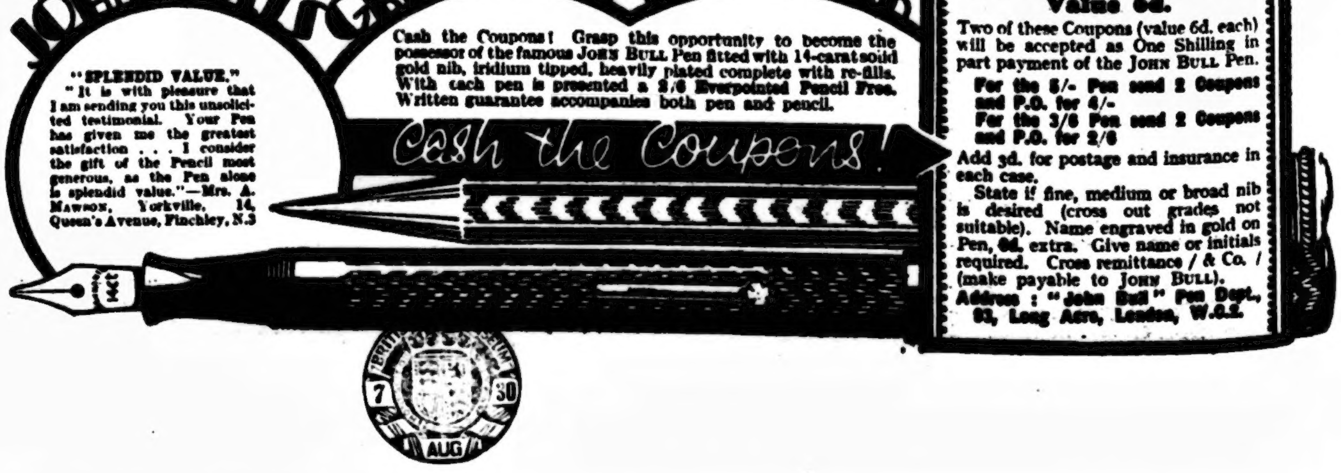
"John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....
Reader's Signature.
Age..............
Address ....
....
....
Name and address of Newsagent ....
....
..................Date ....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B., 19 7 30.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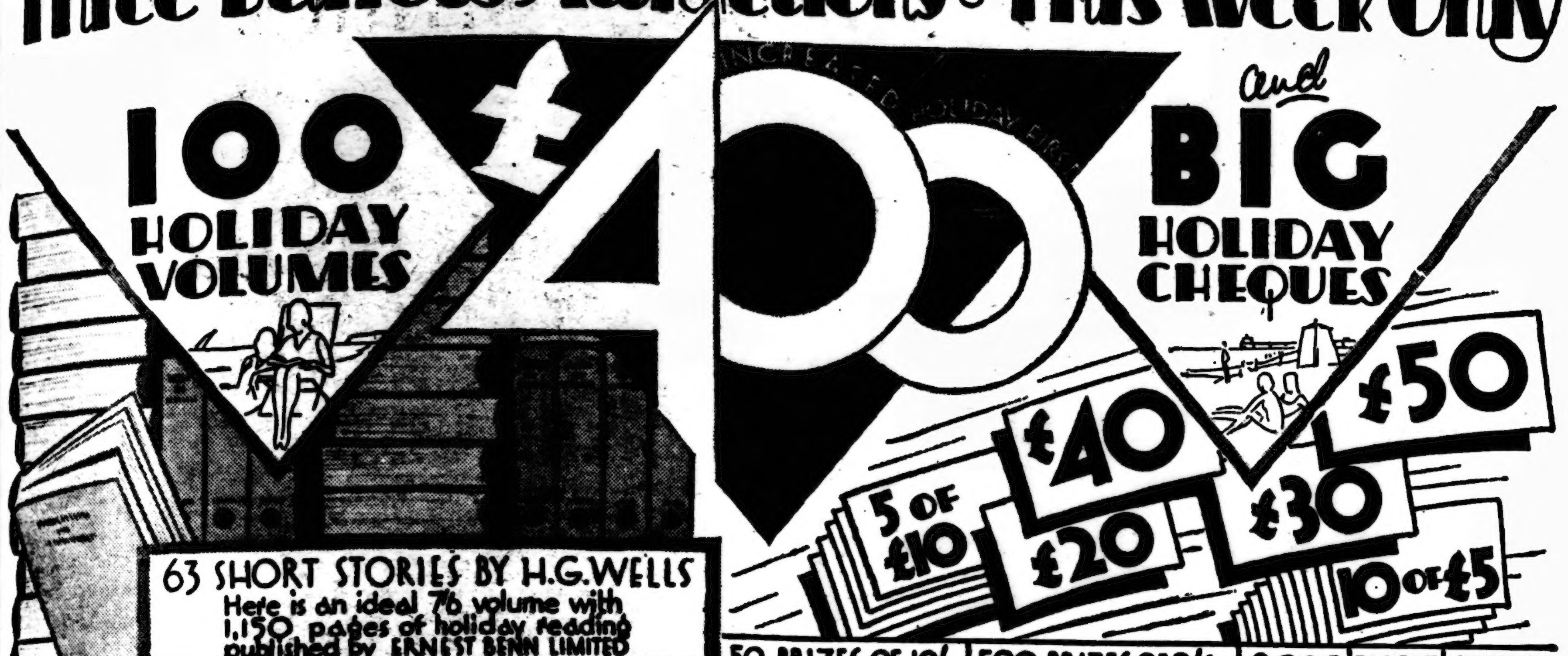
7 AUG 30

Three "Bullets" Attractions · This Week Only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63 SHORT STORIES BY H.G.WELLS
Here is an ideal 7/6 volume with 1,150 pages of holiday reading published by ERNEST BENN LIMITED

50 PRIZES OF 10/- | 500 PRIZES OF 2/6 | 8,000 "TARGET" PRIZES

HOLIDAY CHEQUES AND BOOKS

ANOTHER fine batch of **Holiday Prizes** awaits those who spend half an hour of summer leisure on ***Bullets*** this week, and the plum of them all is the increased **First Prize of £400.**

Other big Holiday Cheques include sums of £50, £40, £30, £20, with a healthy crop of holiday "tenners" and "fivers" to follow, and an added attraction for you this week is the offer of 100 handsome 7s. 6d. Prize Volumes of Short Stories by the famous Mr. H. G. Wells. For 100 entrants this 1,150-page collection of fascinating fiction will bring many hours of enjoyment in return for a few minutes' thought.

Any of these prizes may be yours if you tackle this simple task and enter some good *Bullets* by **Saturday, July 26.** Just add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on this page.

To give you an idea of what is required, suppose you choose the *Example* WISE WORKER, you might complete your *Bullet* by the addition of the words BUYS BRITISH—HOLIDAYS INCLUDED. Do not, of course, enter this specimen effort, but let a glance over the *Examples* suggest other ideas to you.

Here are some recent winning *Bullets* as a further guide to the prize-list:

SHOWS WHAT HE'S WORTH—INQUIRING WHAT *SHE'S* WORTH.
UNCHECKED—UNEMPLOYMENT—IT'S "ALL WRONG."
GIRL IN THE CHORUS—OF VOTERS, *HAS* VOICE.

Choose from these "Examples"

WAR ON UNEMPLOYMENT
OTHER COUNTRIES
WISE WORKER
LEFT STANDING
IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN
MUST GO
INTO THE WORLD
CLIPPING OUR WINGS
IGNORANCE
IN PUBLIC LIFE
UNITY
AS IT SHOULD BE
TIME-HONOURED CUSTOM
MAN WITH BRAINS
IT MAY SEEM SILLY, BUT
ASTONISHING FEAT
COMPLAINING
PLAIN JANE
THE SECRET
MASS PRODUCTION
COMMON JUSTICE
STILL
NO ONE CAN SAY
UNRIVALLED
DOING HIS DAMN'DEST
BY ALL
A CLARION CALL
SHOWS HE'S A FRIEND
IN VAIN
HOW TO GET TRADE
BURSTING WITH PRIDE
THANKS TO WHITEHALL

The result of Competition No. 765 ("Bullets" £3,000 and Motor-car Offer) will appear in our next issue, on sale Thursday, July 24.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

FREE GUIDE TO SUCCESS

"IT almost puts the cheques into our hands"—that is the comment on *Bullets Bulletin* from Mr. H. Prime, High Street, Swavesey, Cambs., a winner of over 50 *Bullets* prizes.

In addition to offering free gifts to regular readers, *Bullets Bulletin* keeps you in touch with the prize-winners, tells you how they won, and so increases your ability to frame successful efforts. It shows you winning coupons, reminds you of past winners, gives you the latest news from Long Acre, provides a smile or two and breathes the *Bullets* atmosphere. Free Gifts are now offered to regular readers.

A specimen copy can be obtained by sending a halfpenny self-addressed envelope. Your better plan, however, is to use the special coupon at the bottom of the next column and so make sure of this weekly gold-mine of *Bullets* information.

Advance Details for "Bullets" Competition No. 769.

Increased First Prize of 400 Guineas—Holiday Prizes of 50 Guineas—25 Guineas—20 Guineas—15 Guineas—10 of 10 Guineas—10 of 5 Guineas. Others—50 Prizes of 10s.—500 of 2s. 6d.—8,000 "Target" Prizes.

If Food Were Taxed—Brazen Effrontery—Strangely Familiar—For A Time—Ideal Holiday — Making It Up — Can't Grumble—Thundering Along—Looking For Trouble—Glad He's Alive—Taking The Risk—Resting —Spoon-feeding — According To Her — It Always Rains When—Previously—He May Be Poor, But—Turning Away—Lucky Woman—Rapidly Developing—Golden Future—Cry Of A Child—At A Standstill—Man In Prison—Slowly But Surely—All That's Left—Hurts Her Feelings—To Save Time—He's Got A Family, So—Sign of Weakness—Brave Show—Way To Win Her.

(Closing Saturday, August 2.)

The original cheque for [illegible] awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 764 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Winter, Church Street, Heybridge.

Address Entries: "Bullets" No. 768, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Example ____________________ Closing SAT. July 26
Bullet ____________________
Example ____________________
Bullet ____________________
(768) P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ____________________
Address ____________________

Cut out each Coupon separately.

Example ____________________ Closing SAT. July 26
Bullet ____________________
Example ____________________
Bullet ____________________
(768) P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ____________________
Address ____________________

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example ____________________ Closing SAT. July 26
Bullet ____________________
Example ____________________
Bullet ____________________
(768) P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ____________________
Address ____________________

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example ____________________ Closing SAT. July 26
Bullet ____________________
Example ____________________
Bullet ____________________
(768) P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ____________________
Address ____________________

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief Bullets Prizes in Competition No. 768 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"

I enclose Postal Order value...............(crossed "and Co" payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on.........issues of "Bullets Bulletin," commencing with th next issue. For 12 consecutive issues send P.O. for 6d., 24 issues 1/-.

NAME..
ADDRESS..
....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS, LTD., 10, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2

NEXT WEEK BIGGER FIRST AND HOLIDAY GUINEAS

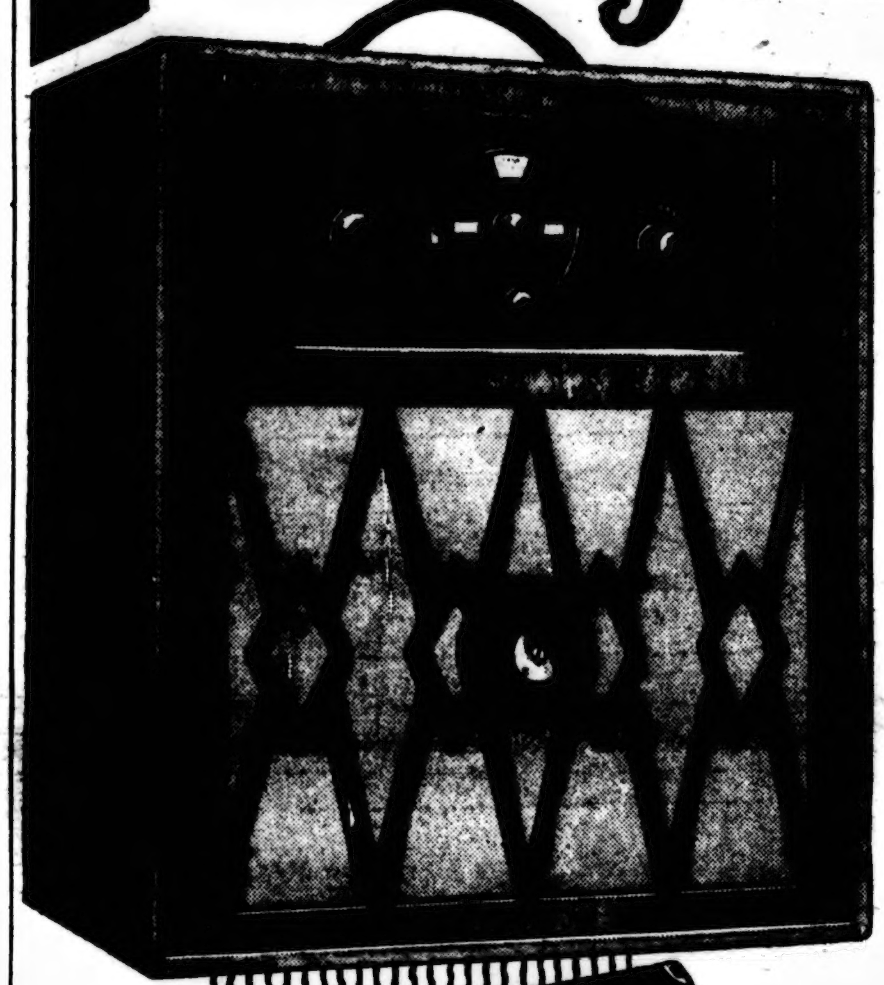
FREE

Your Gift delivered immediately

NOTHING to approach this offer has ever been made before. ONE Packet of Navy Club Virginia Cigarettes now entitles you to qualify for either of these two valuable free gifts immediately. You can get delivery of your gift immediately and simply send us coupons as you smoke—until you have collected the required number. Send the coupon at the foot of this advertisement and you will receive FREE 25 Bonus COUPONS and full particulars how to get the gifts at once without any payments whatsoever.

Collect Coupons afterwards

Navy Club
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
10



Think of it—you can have either of these valuable free gifts to-morrow. You can tune in to all British and Continental stations, or play your favourite records. No need to wait! Buy a packet of Navy Club now.

FREE—A 23 Guinea 5 Valve "DENNIS" Super Portable

Cuts out London or local Stations with one simple turn and brings in at your will: Paris, Berlin, Hilversum, Langenburg, Madrid, Hamburg, Oslo, Budapest, Turin, Huizen, Toulouse, and numerous other stations. Guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

Mahogany Case, Single Tuning Dial, Mullard Valves, Stadion Batteries. Equipped for Gramophone Pick-up.

FREE—A Celebrated Full-Size "CHELLOPHONE" Portable Gramophone

Strongly made case, best quality fittings and lid Pocket for 8 Records. Latest improved Sound Box. Non-Spillable Needle Box. 10 in. Plush Turntable and exceptionally strong Motor. Rich and beautiful sound reproduction. You can also have your Gramophone with 26 best quality records first and collect coupons afterwards.

Many other Valuable Gifts From 10 Coupons up.

1 Coupon in PACKETS of 10
2 Coupons in PACKETS of 20
5 Coupons in BOXES of 50

THREE QUALITIES

PLAIN Medium Strength	CORK tipped Mild	IVORY tipped Very Mild

Ask your Tobacconist To-day for a Packet.

A NEW STANDARD IN 10 for 6d. CIGARETTES

Here is a new Cigarette that is not only cool and smooth but really satisfying. "Navy Club" Cigarettes were only introduced a short while ago and the demand is increasing by leaps and bounds, a sure sign of their popularity. Don't delay, call at the first Tobacconist you pass and buy a packet of "Navy Club" Cigarettes.

Chellophone

"Of all Good Cigarettes the BEST"

Navy Club

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-

FREE If you post this Coupon To-day ☛

For only 295 Coupons

25 COUPONS — Cash Value 3/4

FREE COUPON

Post in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope and enclose one empty carton of Navy Club Cigarettes to

L. & J. FABIAN (DEPT. C.B.17),
74, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

Please send me 25 FREE Bonus Coupons, with list of gifts and particulars of

HOW I CAN GET AT ONCE,

without any cash payment whatsoever, the "DENNIS" Super Five-Valve Portable and/or the "CHELLOPHONE" Portable Gramophone, with Twenty-six 3/- records

& COLLECT COUPONS AFTERWARDS

I enclose one Navy Club empty carton.

NAME..........
ADDRESS..........
TOWN.......... COUNTY..........

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